THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,

Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For OCTOBER, 1812.

VOL. VIII.

The Forty-sixth Number.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, *needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.*

We are fully sensible of the importance of Mr. Gregson's *observations, but the fear that they would be considered very dry by the generality of our readers, has deterred us from introducing them into the Repository.*

W. Henry's *Letter is received. We shall endeavour to find a place for it in an early number.*

Belinda's *communication reached us too late to be noticed in our present publication.*

We have to claim the indulgence of our poetical correspondents, who must attribute our apparent neglect of them to the pressure of temporary matter. The Soldier's Daughter—The Translation from Anacreon—The Address delivered on the Opening of the Lowestoft Theatre, &c. &c. *shall appear, if possible, in our next.*

Having been disappointed by the artist employed to engrave the wood-cut of Loch Katherine, *we have been obliged to defer, till our next, the Description of that celebrated Lake and the surrounding scenery.*

We beg leave to remind such of our Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 4s, 6d. per Volume.

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————The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNINUS.

(Continued from p. 132.)

MISS *K.* Here, Miss Eve, is a curious frontispiece by M. Vandergucht to a book entitled *Hell opened to Christians*, to caution them from entering into it. Here is another to the comic works of Scarron, 1727. Here is a portrait, a whole length, of George Augustus Prince of Wales, afterwards King George II.; and here is one of Robert South, D.D. printed for E. Curl, 1717. It was about ten years afterwards that this Curl was put into the pillory at Charing-Cross; and here is a small print by the same artist of the Westminster boys inflicting scholastic discipline on that bookseller.

Gerard Vandergucht, who lived many years in Bloomsbury, left great part of his property to his son Benjamin, who became very eminent as a picture-dealer. He had a country residence near the Thames, towards Hammersmith; and one day, about the year 1794, in crossing the river in a boat it was overset, and he was unfortunately drowned, though his body was soon taken out of the water. It is probable that he chanced to fall into unskilful hands. People should get the pamphlets that are distributed gratis by the Humane Society, and inform themselves of the proper methods of restoring suspended animation. Old women, and such like, are too apt to hold up persons, apparently drowned, by the heels, with their heads downwards, to let the water run out, which often extinguishes the vital spark. This is

a mistake: no water, or very little, enters the body. The best method of treatment yet discovered is that recommended by the Humane Society, who offer rewards for those who are of essential service in promoting the endeavours of their institution.

Miss *Eve.* Do you think, Miss K. that persons who are drowning endure much pain?

Miss *K.* Were we to judge from the sensations that are felt from holding the head in a bowl or pail of water, it seems as if the pain must be very dreadful: but I have conversed with some who have been half an hour under water, and who say that this is by no means the case; that the sensation immediately succeeding the first confused apprehension is like going to sleep, and recovering like waking from sleep in which there was no dream. Persons sometimes venture after those who are drowning, before perception has departed; the latter cling to them, and both perish: whereas, had they waited till insensibility had taken place, they might have accomplished their humane intentions.

Soon after the death of Benjamin Vandergucht, his noble collection of pictures by the best masters was sold by Christie in Pall-Mall, for the benefit of his widow. His portrait hung in the parlour of his sister, Mrs. Jane White, the print-seller, in Tavistock-street, who often surveyed it in tears. He was, indeed, much regretted by many.

Persons when they have fallen into deep water should never hold their arms above their heads, but should make a motion with their feet and legs, as if they were walking up stairs; by this method they will rise to the surface of the water. Fat is so little heavier than water, that very fat persons can lie on the surface and float without any motion of their arms and legs.

Here, Miss Eve, is a very excellent portrait, in mezzotinto, of Mr. Garrick, as steward of the Stratford Jubilee in September 1769, from a picture by Benjamin Vandergucht. It was published June 24, 1773, by J. Saunders, the engraver, at Mr. Deschamp's, upholder in Compton-street.

Miss *Eve.* Do you know any particulars of this Jubilee.

Miss *K.* *A History of the English Stage*, published in 1779, gives the following account of it:—In 1769, Mr. Garrick projected a jubilee in honour of Shakspeare, for conducting which he was himself appointed steward. Stratford-upon-Avon, the birth-place of the poet, was appointed for its celebration, for which purpose a great booth was erected, which was called *Shakspeare's Hall*, or *The Amphitheatre.* It was an elegant room, of the shape, but not so large, as the rotunda at Ranelagh, supported by a colonnade of the Corinthian order, distant about ten feet from the sides, and having a chandelier of eight hundred lights hanging from the center of the roof. The month fixed on for this celebration was August, yet so unfavourable was the weather, that the rain for two successive days, which were assigned for this festival, prevented an intended pageant, a procession of Shakspeare's characters, on which much pains and expence had been bestowed. The other entertainments were a masqued ball, the oratorio of Judith, and an ode on the occasion written by Roscius

himself, of which the parts usually sung in recitative were spoken by him with all the energy and force which his enthusiastic love of the immortal bard might be supposed to inspire; so that what has usually been found insipid and tiresome in things of this kind, became the principal part of the entertainment. The great merit of this ode was its being adapted to the time, to the occasion, and to the speaker. Mr. Garrick conceived a peculiar manner, which was to accompany his elocution in different parts of this performance: the words were adapted in their first conception to this manner, and to particular tones, inflections, and emphases, of which, by experience, he well knew the power. In a word, it was acknowledged that Mr. Garrick's elocution was never heard with more pleasure or felt with more force.

The following winter the *Jubilee*, written by Mr. Garrick, was performed at Drury-lane Theatre, and its run was beyond any thing on record in the annals of the stage. The public had discovered an uncommon eagerness to see the mock procession of the coronation. The pageant of the *Jubilee* was undoubtedly spawned by that rareeshow.

Miss *Eve*. You used the word *spawned*—did you ever keep the spawn of a frog in fresh water, or rather water freshened, to see how it turns to a loggerhead, and this by degrees to a little frog? From this head and tail the legs gradually appear; at last the end of the tail comes off, and you have a perfect little frog. This process is extremely curious. At my seat in Essex, in the midst of a large garden, is a small private one, of which I keep the key. Here, embowered by shady trees, is a piece of running water, which is always fresh, and so clear that the surrounding trees and scenery, together with the sweetest and most beautiful flowers, are reflected in it as in the clearest mirror. It has a smooth sandy bottom. Hither I often retire in hot weather, attended by a couple of maids, who are expert in swimming, and enjoy the cool shade, and the healthful, refreshing luxury of bathing. It reaches in the middle no higher upon me than between the rectus abdominis and pectoralis major. I first learned to swim by observations on a frog. I took notice how he threw his fore-legs forward, and drew his hind legs in and kicked them out again. I can also swim on my back with a variety of motions and attitudes, and twist and turn myself about with such gentle flowing lines!

Miss *K*. This exercise, where it can be taken in perfect safety, is a very wholesome and luxurious indulgence, as well as very useful. I once heard an Irishman declare that if he had not learned to swim, he should have been drowned at least three times in his life.

Miss *Eve*. If I were overset in a boat in a river, such we will suppose as the Thames, I would coolly consider which was the nearest shore, and when I was somewhat tired, I would turn and swim with my longissimus dorsi and sacrolumbalis downward. I believe I could swim for an hour by throwing the labour of exertion on different sets of muscles at different times.

Miss *K*. Here you excel your master: we never see a frog swim

on his back; but he is amphibious. Water animals, such as swans, geese, ducks, frogs, water-rats, &c. have their feet webbed to assist their swimming. When I swim I imitate these; for which purpose I put my fingers close together; I put the backs of my hands together with my thumbs downwards, then strike them out, bring them back again with the thumbs towards each other and the palm of the hands downwards. I can swim under water like a duck.

Miss *Eve*. Cats hate water—look at your Romeo climbing up a tree in the garden!

Miss *K*. He often retires thither in the heat of the day for the benefit of the shade and cool breeze; but I sometimes apprehend that he has worse intentions, and that he shams sleep though he is at the same time peeping after birds.

Miss *Eve*. All animals will obey the instinct of nature: cats will be cats. Men and women too will follow the secret bias of their characters. There is an old saying, "Never entrust a reformed drunkard with the key of your wine-cellar."

Miss *K*. Do you know, that though they have lived so long together, Romeo wanted the other day to get at my little bird *Affectionate*. His eyes looked so fierce!

Miss *Eve*.

Let folks do what they may,
The hog will grunt, the dog will have his day.

Miss *K*. I forgot to observe that Charles White, the engraver, died of a fever in August 1785, aged 34, at his house, No. 10, Stafford-row, Pimlico, the same in which W. W. Ryland resided about fifteen years before that time, and where he engraved the whole-length portrait of his Majesty from Allan Ramsay, and also Queen Charlotte, with the Princess Royal when an infant in her lap, from Francis Cotes. The latter was published by Ryland in 1770, at Stafford-row.

W. W. Ryland and John Boydell were both engravers and print-sellers, and partners in Woollett's *Death of General Wolfe*, which plate was successful beyond example: but their fates were different; Ryland suffered at Tyburn, and Boydell was Lord Mayor of London.

Miss *Eve*. James Wolfe and Horatio Nelson are deservedly the favourites of their country: their actions are very extraordinary instances of military and naval heroism. Have you any verses written on General Wolfe?

Miss *K*. I have the inscription on his monument in Westminster Abbey, and his epitaph in the church of his native town, Westerham, in Kent. The first is as follows:—

"To the memory of James Wolfe, Esq. Major-General and Commander in Chief of the British Land Forces, on an expedition against Quebec; who surmounting by ability and valour all obstacles of art and nature, was slain in the moment of victory, at the head of his conquering troops, on the 13th September, 1759, the King and Parliament of Great Britain dedicate this monument."

At Westerham is this inscription:

"James, son of Colonel Edward Wolfe and Henrietta his wife, was born in this parish, January 2, 1727; died in America, Sept. 13, 1759."

While George in sorrow bows his laurell'd head,
And bids the artist grace the soldier dead,

We raise no sculptur'd trophy to thy name,
Brave youth, the fairest in the list of Fame.
Proud of thy birth, we boast th' auspicious year;
Struck with thy fall, we shed a general tear;
With humble grief inscribe one artless stone,
And from thy matchless honours date our own.

I know the song said to have been sung by General Wolfe, the night before the battle in which he lost his life.

Miss *Eve*. Will you repeat it?

Miss *K*. I will sing it.

How stands the glass around?
For shame you take no care, my boys!
How stands the glass around?
Let wine and mirth abound,
The trumpets sound,
The colours they are flying, boys;
To fight, kill, or wound,
May we be found
Content with our hard fate, my boys,
On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why,
Whose bus'ness 'tis to die?
What! sighing! fie!
Hang care, drink round, be merry, boys!
'Tis he, you, or I,
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly.

Think of renown,
Before you go to fight, my boys,
Think of renown,
Likewise of the British crown,
That we may go down
With honour to our graves, my boys;
So never frown,
But take a glass, a smiling glass,
Of good liquor round.

Behold this sword of mine,
Which has stood many a cut, my boys;
Behold this sword of mine,
It does like silver shine:
So, boys, don't decline,
But boldly clear your way, my boys;
So let the armies join,
And break the enemy's line;
But before you go to fight, my boys,
Drink off your wine.

It is but in vain,
I mean not to upbraid you, boys,
It is but in vain,
For soldiers to complain;
The next campaign,
All in the field of battle, boys,
Perhaps we may be slain;
Then we shall go to God that sent us, boys,
And be free from pain.

But should we remain
After next campaign,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cures all again.

Miss *Eve*. Where do they print such large plates as that of the *Death of General Wolfe*?

Miss *K*. The *Death of General Wolfe* was printed at the house of Woollett, the engraver, who then lived in Green-street, Leicester-Fields. Some of the printers are apt to reserve a few prints for their own use. An artist will tell a printer that he wishes to have a plate printed at his own house, that he may see if he likes the colour, and if it is printed full and clear; though he is afraid all the time that some of the best impressions may be embezzled. Some of the best proofs of this print have sold at sales for upwards of twenty guineas.

Miss *Eve*. Who have been the best printers?

Miss *K*. Wessell, of Denmark-court, in the Strand, who is now dead; Gamble, of Denmark-street, St. Giles's; Mrs. Hoquet, a Frenchwoman, who lived near St. Giles's church; Adriel, who is dead, and his apprentice, John Dixon, who lives near Rathbone-place, and is at present the prince of printers.

Miss *Eve*. Did not the king and Allan Ramsay wish Strange to engrave the portraits of himself and queen, and Lord Bute?

Miss *K*. Yes; but Strange was going abroad previously to the application. In his letter to Lord Bute on the Rise and Progress of the Royal Academy, he explains

his motives for rejecting the work. This meritorious engraver had a great number of enemies, who said of him things which he never thought. Because he was a Scotchman, they insinuated that he was strongly attached to the Stuart family; that he used to drink the Pretender's health, and wished to engrave his picture as king; that when he drank, he would say, "I say nothing, only, may every man enjoy his rightful inheritance!" and such like falshoods.

Miss *Eve*. Parties formerly ran high on this subject, but their tongues are now silent and their eyes shut for ever. The partisans of the Stuarts used to speak and write in an ambiguous way, of which the following is an instance. —When the intrepid Lord Balmerino was beheaded in 1746, this epitaph was written on him:—

Here lies a baron bold,—take care,
There may be treason in a tear;
But yet my Arthur may find room
Where greater folks don't always come.

Miss *K*. His Majesty was convinced how ill Strange had been used, how much he had been slandered; and in consideration of his merit, conferred on him the honour of knighthood, January 5, 1787. His death happened July 5, 1792, and I am informed that he was buried at Covent-Garden, with a favourite daughter, whom he tenderly loved and much regretted. Barry says, that he ought to have a monument in Westminster Abbey, where there is one for Woollett.

Miss *Eve*. When was Sir Robert Strange born, and where?

Miss *K*. It is said that he was born in the Island of Pomona, one of the Orkneys, July 24, 1721. There is a peculiar richness in the flesh of Strange's prints, which no other engraver in this country has been able to rival.

Miss *Eve*. In those islands, it is said, that, at this time of the year, people may see to read all night, and that it is twilight at midnight.

JUNINUS.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF SMYRNA.*

A SKETCH, however slight, of one of the seven cities which has contended for the privilege of being designated as the natal spot of HOMER, cannot be viewed with indifference by any individual, who aspires to the title of a classical scholar. Smyrna, moreover, when regarded by the eye of commercial enterprize, is one of the most interesting objects discoverable among the glories of the *Spicy East;* profuse of its balm, of its odour, and of that celestial drug which quells the throb of anguish, allays the heat of the heart, gilds the dream of the poet, and mocks all the reasoning of the philosopher.

EDITOR.

Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman in Foggia.

DEAR SIR,

MY passage from Malta to Smyrna was extremely pleasant; the first land we saw was Candia (ancient Crete); we coasted along this, and after leaving it, passed successively in sight of almost all the islands in the Archipelago. The Isle of Patmos, where St. John wrote the Apocalypse, is small and barren, and Delphos, so celebrated for the beautiful temple of Apollo, is scarcely any thing but a rock, and has few or no inhabitants upon it; remains of this fine temple are still seen on this island. These islands, with a few exceptions, have a barren appearance, and perhaps

* Extracted from Bradford and Inskeep's *Port-Folio* for June, 1811.

their being so in reality may account for the warlike and restless spirit of the ancient Greeks who inhabited them. The scanty productions of their own soil induced them to make predatory incursions upon their neighbours; and their island afforded them a safe retreat with their booty. Mytelene is one of the largest and most fruitful of the Archipelago; this island retains the same name which it did in Cicero's time, as we find many of his letters directed to his friends there. It produces good wine, and wheat in great abundance; it lies near the entrance of the gulf of Smyrna, and on the other hand is Scio. In this last some pretend Homer was born, and the spot is still pointed out where they say he kept a school.

I arrived in the bay of Smyrna April 26, and anchored near the castle, about five miles below the town, and found there a large Danish ship bound into the Black sea, to Odessa, with cotton. The next morning I went to town in a Turkish boat called a kyike, which rows or sails very fast. We landed at the castle to see the *Aga*, and got permission to pass. He was an old man with a venerable grey beard, and I found him sitting cross-legged upon a carpet, smoking with a very long pipe. He waved his hand to me to sit down, and after asking a few questions, and talking a few words to his guards, he waved his hand again as a signal that I might go; first, however, signifying that he should expect a present of sugar and coffee, which I promised him. In this castle I saw several of those large guns from which they throw stone balls of a prodigious weight. I have been told that at Constantinople there are guns that carry a ball of one thousand pounds; and it is certain that when the English were driven out of the Dardanelles, a ball of eight hundred pounds struck the main-mast of the Windsor Castle; it remained on board, and was carried to England, where it is preserved as a curiosity. The largest I saw in this castle was a four-hundred pounder, and there were several piles of the balls which would apparently weigh four or five hundred pounds; these balls were of hard granite, and cut round and smooth; the guns were long and very fine brass pieces. The Turks who rowed me to town were very civil, and offered me a pipe, which is the usual compliment.

The city of Smyrna did not answer my expectations; but I saw but little of it. The houses are principally of wood, and small, and they appeared to be out of repair. The landing-places were dirty, and not convenient; no quays, but a few piles, with broken planks and boards on them, and in other places only the bare beach.

As I was not permitted to enter my vessel and trade here, my stay was short, and I left the place the next morning. American vessels have never before been denied a free trade with Turkey, and it will be amusing, perhaps, to know something of the powerful influence of the French in this country, by which they are enabled to drive away all neutrals, and to put almost a total stop to the trade of this great commercial city.

A French consul resides at Smyrna, and he takes his orders from Sebastiani, who is the French minister at the Porte. I understood it was

necessary to wait upon this consul, and I had some expectations by entering from Messina, a neutral country as respected the Turks, that I should be admitted. The consul, however, knew very well I had been at Malta, and his sources of information were so good, that he knew of my being expected, and had looked for me a week: he received me with the usual French politeness, but told me we were not permitted to trade there, by the French decrees; and he had been particularly instructed, lately, from his minister, to forbid the entrance of any vessel of what country or nation soever, that had touched at Malta, Messina, or any port at which the English had influence or a friendly intercourse. It was in vain to make any further plea here, but I was determined to appeal from this decision, to the Turkish government. In fact, my friend at Smyrna had already been to the governor of the city, and obtained his permission without difficulty; he told me, indeed, the governor was very desirous to have us trade there, and he knew he would be very angry to hear that the consul had forbidden me. This encouraged me in my appeal, for I could not imagine that a powerful prince like the Aga of Smyrna, who has forty thousand men at his command, and who in some respects feels almost independent of the Grand Seignior himself, should submit his will to the arbitrary decisions of a paltry French consul. I had, however, the mortification to find that in this instance the consul was the ruling power. *Cara Osman Oglou*, who was this great officer, Prince and Aga of Smyrna, on being informed that the consul had ordered me to depart, was exceedingly enraged, but he judged it most prudent to suppress or stifle his displeasure. I was extremely at a loss to know why he should sacrifice his opinion or desire in this instance; but I was informed, that had he insisted upon my trading there, against the orders of the French consul, the latter would immediately have reported him to Sebastiani, who had so much influence at the Porte, that probably at his request the Aga would have been fined to a very heavy amount, the Grand Seignior being fond of enriching his coffers by this kind of penal exactions on his great officers. I obtained so much, however, from the good will of the Aga, that I should be protected in any of the adjacent ports without the district of the French consul. Accordingly I left my first anchoring place, and went down behind the island of Oulach, near the entrance of the gulph. Here it was agreed that we should discharge our cargo, and send it to town in lighters. There are no inhabitants on this island, it being rather a barren piece of ground, three or four miles in extent, producing nothing but furze, some wild flowers, and a few scattered pine trees. On one of these pines our sailors found an eagle's nest, and took from thence an eagle not yet able to fly. This was a hazardous enterprize, for probably the old one would have killed the man who climbed the tree, had she returned and caught him in the act, or even if she had seen him afterwards with her young one, it would have been extremely dangerous for him. They are a powerful bird, and the extent and force of their talons are sufficient to take off a

man's face at one gripe. The people of the country when they attempt to rob one of these nests, go with a party of five or six, and well armed with muskets to defend themselves. This young bird was kept on board above three months, at which age his wings extended from tip to tip nearly eight feet. We lay at this station only two or three days, and then removed over to the east side of the gulph, to a little town and port called Foggia (anciently, I believe, Phocia); here we found a safe, snug harbour, secure from any sea, a good depth of water and clean bottom. My friends at Smyrna had procured me a protection here, from Cara Osman Oglou, and a letter of friendly introduction from him to the Aga of this place. The letter was in three lines and a half, written backwards, and instead of a signature had the seal of the Aga's ring. As soon as I anchored I went on shore, and found several Turks sitting under a rough kind of piazza, peaceably smoking their pipes; they took little or no notice of me:—this is the characteristic of the Turks, they seem to have no curiosity, take little notice of any thing, and express wonder or astonishment at nothing. I shewed them my letter, and made them understand that I wanted to go to the Aga. One of them, who appeared to be an officer, who was dressed smart, with stockings of red cloth laced with gold, got up and conducted me into the city, through a stone arch, the town being walled; we passed along some dirty streets, and I was introduced to another great officer that could not read. They both seated themselves on a carpet, ordered a slave to bring pipes, looked at the writing of my short letter, then folded up the paper and smoked with silent composure. After their pipes were out, they asked me how long I should stay in this port, what I wanted, &c. and then signified that I might go. Here finished this interview.

After I had returned on board about an hour, the gentleman with the gold-laced stockings, came off and said I must come on shore to the Aga. So I went on shore again, and was conducted to a house where I found three great men, if I might judge from their turbans, which were each the size of a half barrel. They were sitting on a rich carpet, and lolled upon cushions which were placed round the sides of the room; and the hall below and antichamber were filled with soldiers in arms and other attendants. One of these three was the Aga, or the governor of the place. The officer to whom I had been first conducted, finding that the letter was directed to the Aga, had sent it to him, and he immediately sent for me. He received me with civility, asked a few questions, and lifting up the letter in his fingers, intimated that that would procure me any thing I wanted. So I left him, satisfied that my letter of introduction, though short, was influential and efficacious.

The houses of the town are no more than miserable huts, the walls of which are rough stone and mud, and from a peep at the inside of them they appear not much superior either in convenience or cleanliness to our hog-sties—though, by the way, they have no hogs here, the Turks, like the Jews, holding swine's flesh in abhorrence. Their principal animal food is mutton, of which they have

very good. The breed of sheep are something of the Cape of Good Hope kind, having very large flat tails; these tails are from six to ten inches broad, and almost entirely flat. The Turks seldom make use of larger meat than mutton; one reason for which, I am told, is their manner of cooking, which does not so conveniently admit of larger meats: their messes are always hashed up fine in cooking, and they eat with their fingers; they know of no such superfluous utensils as knives and forks, and, of course, a joint of meat is never served on their *carpets*. They are fond of little sweet messes, sweet-meats, preserves, &c. smoke their pipes and drink coffee; these are what a Turk regales upon, and having these, he appears to be contented and happy. They are a serious, sedate, peaceable people, seldom have any disputes, take little notice of what is passing in the world, or about their streets, and never seem much interested in any thing.

There are several small burying-places near the town (for the Turks never bury their dead within the cities). These burying-places are full of cypress, which give them an agreeable, though melancholy appearance; when a Turk buries a friend he plants a cypress at the head of the grave and another at the foot; these grow up, and thus where we have a barren cluster of tomb-stones, they have a forest of cypress trees.

The Turkish women keep themselves much concealed, seldom go abroad, and when they do, they cover their heads with a white veil, which comes over the upper part of their face, and another covers the mouth and chin: thus masked, it is with difficulty they can be known even by their acquaintances, as very little of the face appears, except the nose.

Since I have been here I have got plenty of milk, and milk variously modified, as curdled milk, sweet milk, fresh cheese, and cheese-cakes, &c. There are abundance of flocks and herds, and I was quite pleased in having occasion to remark an instance of primitive times and manners, in seeing a real shepherd with his appropriate emblems of crook and bag. The crook makes a fine figure in every pastoral story we read, and I could not help tracing the bag up to the royal David, who had one by his side when he slew Goliah. This country also produces a great deal of honey, so that the properties of ancient Palestine (from which we are not very distant) extends even hither,—it is a land of milk and honey.

The camel is the most useful beast of burden here, and it is curious to see with what docility they kneel down to receive and discharge their loads. They carry a great weight, and the rule with the driver is, to load his camel with as much as he can get up with, and then they travel a steady jog of three miles an hour, chew their cud all day, and at night stop to rest. They are called camels here, but they appear to be of that species which naturalists describe as dromedary, having but one hump upon the back, and the upper lip is slit like the hare's. Nature, in creating different sorts of animals, often approaches them together, sometimes even confounds them. There is no small likeness between the camel and ostrich, and

hence the Turks call the ostrich the *camel-bird;* their heads and necks are much alike, and the very silly movement and expression in these parts in each are entirely similar.

I have before observed that the Turks are a peaceable, quiet people, and I think this is the stillest place I was ever in. They use no bells or public clocks, and the only noise I have heard here is the braying of an ass, the howling of jackalls, and the cry of a man every day from the tower of the mosque—the cry from the mosque tower is regular twice a day, and serves in lieu of a bell to summon the people to prayers. These are all natural sounds; I have not heard the sound of any instrument in the place—what a contrast between this and Malta! There the ringing of bells was continual, the striking of clocks every quarter of an hour, and with the rattling of cannon, beating of drums, sound of trumpets, saluting and serenading bands, blind fiddlers, horns, hautboys, clarionets, &c. your ears are never at rest.

It is an error to suppose that the Turks indulge excessively in women; polygamy is permitted to be sure, but there is not one Turk in a hundred that has more than one wife; they sometimes have a concubine besides, but this is also seldom. They do not like to increase the evils of life, and one woman, they say, is generally trouble enough for one man.

The beauty of the Turkish women has been very much magnified, I imagine, from the circumstance of their being so much concealed. What a lesson this for our females! If they would but consider how prone we are to enhance the value of every thing kept out of sight, they would not be so forward to expose parts of the body which would increase in our estimation by being covered.

I have occasionally seen several female faces here, but none that had the least claim to beauty. They have a filthy custom of staining their hands, their nails, and also their hair, which hangs in uncomely strings about the face and neck; their dress is unbecoming, loose, and flabby: they are kept in a degrading state of servitude, which, of course, precludes all improvement of their mind; so that without beauty, and a good share of it, they must be entirely uninteresting.—Hence we may conclude, that although their prophet has promised to the faithful a paradise of fine women in the next world, a Turkish haram in this is no very desirable resort.

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

LETTER XVIII.

Dear T.

Not to interrupt the relation of my grand Parthenopian ball and festival, set forth in my last letter to you*, and, as Don Michele declares, to be remembered by succeeding generations in the Infrescata, I deferred, as you will recollect, giving you the particulars of my trip to Pozzuoli, undertaken principally with a view to invite the fair Donna Giuliana and her uncle Don Giacomo to be of my party; and, indeed, *en passant* to inspect some of the natural curiosities in the

* See No. XLI.

vicinity of that town, which, altho' so very near Naples, had, from what cause I know not, remained yet unvisited by me.

While tarrying on classic ground, it is excusable to be classically superstitious. A most disgusting sight, which presented itself to my view as I past the square *Del Spirito Santo*, seemed to give me notice that the present day was none of my *dies fausti*. It was the funeral of a young woman, who, to my utter astonishment, was carried on a bier, her face and hands exposed, and her hair full dressed and powdered. In fact, you might have taken her for a person asleep, had not the waxen and livid hue of death and her open distorted mouth proclaimed her slumber to be that of eternity. As I am not writing a book of travels, I will spare you a side or two of moralizing reflections, which might be made on this singular national custom. That Don Michele, with whom I since had some conversation on the subject, stood up its strenuous champion, you will easily believe; and, indeed, to some of his arguments I had little else to oppose than my personal repugnance to the indelicate and shocking sight.

Leaving the funeral procession and their chaunts, bells, tapers, &c. I proceeded, musing upon what I had seen, down Strada Toledo and Chiaja to the Grotta di Posilipo. Obscure, dark, and dismal as my thoughts, it resounded with the hollow rumblings of a number of carts and the bawlings of their clownish drivers. To avoid a collision with the wheels in this darkness visible, I inclined my horse to the left. He had carried me twenty times safely through; but as my (foretold) ill-luck would have it, the noise of the vehicles and their brutish masters frightened the poor animal out of his wits; in his restive capers and endeavours to get out of the way, he drove my thigh so close against the rock at the side, that, on regaining daylight out of this cavern of horrors, I found a piece of my pantaloons fairly ground off, and a beginning made to extend the grinding operation to the substratum of my own skin.

To have to appear before Donna Giuliana in this novel state of *undress*, was a matter of extreme uneasiness, and the silk handkerchief tied round the affected part but a sorry palliative. Trotting on, however, I found myself soon at the gates of Pozzuoli, where, among four or five of the same profession, the *cicerone* who had attended me the former time, with the officious claim of an old acquaintance, tendered his services. I accepted his offer, and told him to follow me to Don Giacomo. "I suppose you know, sir," replied my guide, "of Donna Giuliana's being married?"

There was galvanic power in the last word he uttered; so forcibly did the sudden and unexpected intelligence affect me. To any one but you, my dear T. I would be ashamed to own thus unreservedly what I felt at that moment, and what surely I had not the most distant right or pretext to feel. Here's a young woman, beautiful certainly beyond description, but unconnected with my views by any engagements whatever, implied or real; in fact, but for two or three interviews, an absolute stranger to

me; and I, with all the selfishness and spite of human nature, would fain require her to forego the opportunity of a permanent settlement in life upon no solid reason, or rather for no reason at all. What inconsistent, what ridiculous egotism!

I had just time, in my way to Don Giacomo, to bring up a reserve of a few of the preceding sober reflections to restore the balance between reason and passion, and to enable me to enter his presence with decorous composure. The cicerone's information was soon confirmed by the fair Giuliana's uncle, with the addition of a few particulars not at all calculated to lessen my astonishment or ill humour. The fortunate bridegroom, a clodhopper at Ischia—past forty—unknown to the model of ideal Grecian beauty till within a fortnight of the wedding—the match brought about by the *kind* interference of Father Anselmo, mentioned in one of my former letters*, and a variety of minor details which would not interest you. My visit was short, and any invitation to my fête now out of the question; so bidding Don Giacomo a hasty adieu, with an appendix to his niece when he should see her, I joined my guide at the gate, and ordered him to conduct me to the Solfatara.

In our way up the hill, behind Pozzuoli, a conversation arose which shewed that the enquiries and pursuits of my cicerone were not solely confined to antiquarian objects: "Well, signor," exclaimed his Tullyship, "was I right or not in what I told you about Donna Giuliana?"—"Quite right, I am sorry to say."—"Why sorry, sir? Surely it is a good thing she has found a husband; and he, on his part, may boast of the choice he has made, in regard to beauty at least." On my observing that a person of Donna Giuliana's charms and mental perfections need at no time have been at a loss for a husband, my antiquarian looked at me with a knowing eye, premised my being a *galant-uomo*, that would scorn to do him any harm by revealing what he was about to tell me, and lowering his voice into a confidential whisper (although not a soul was to be seen within half a mile around), communicated to me a mass of intelligence so much bordering on the nature of a *chronique scandaleuse*, that I found it necessary to stop his current of abuse by a peremptory order, adding my firm belief that Donna Giuliana's extraordinary beauty had roused the evil tongues of her envious enemies. "She is pretty, signor," replied the cicerone; "but we have her betters in beauty in this town of ours I can assure you, sir; and, if you will give me leave, I shall be proud to introduce you to one or two that shall soon make you forget Donna Giuliana."

Vexed with the fellow's slander, I cried out, "Mind your business, Mr. Jack of all trades, and introduce me to the cavern of Brimstone."—"Of Brimstone, sir?"—"The Solfatara, booby."—"Why here it is, sir," pointing to a wooden gate before us, placed across a hollow way between two ravines.

It will not be difficult, I think, to give you a pretty correct idea of

* See Letter IV. in Supplement to vol. I.

the singular appearance of this remarkable natural curiosity. A cavern it certainly is not, as I had imagined; on the contrary, represent to yourself a circular hill, with its summit cut off horizontally, or, more mathematically speaking, a truncated cone, whose upper area might be two hundred yards in diameter. This circular area is what is called the Solfatara. It is, however, not at the top of the hill, but sunk in considerably, and entirely surrounded by an uninterrupted ridge of pretty equal altitude, covered with trees and underwood. From what has been said, you will, perhaps of your own accord, compare the place to an amphitheatre, the surrounding ridge to the seats, and the Solfatara to the arena, or, as it is called at Astley's, the ride, with this modification, that the arena of the Solfatara is considerably above the level of the outward base of the mountain, and forms a flat, composed of a soil of a greyish white appearance.

On entering this dismal place, you are struck by the hollow sound of your footsteps; and a stone dropped by your guide still more confirms your belief, that you are walking over an immense cavern, concealed merely by the sheet of whitish soil under your feet; and, on looking around, you have ocular demonstration that this cavern, far from being a vacuum, is—a gulph of subterraneous fire. A pretty comfortable promenade, you will say, to ambulate over a burning volcano, with the heat of the ground striking through one's shoesoles, and volumes of smoke, as hot as fire itself, forcing their way through the fissures of the parched earth. This very smoke is brimstone in a gaseous form; for every thing it touches becomes incrustated with native sulphur. You may suppose the air you respire in the Solfatara to be impregnated with any thing but pleasant smells. I think the place must be very unhealthy, and the countenances of the few human beings I found at work here confirm this opinion. Their employment is to extract by boiling the sulphur, alum, sal-ammoniac, vitriol, and other similar mineral productions with which the earth and the rain water which settles in the cavities and ponds, are here richly impregnated. No fuel is required for this process, for the subterraneous heat is quite sufficient to boil the water in the coppers. In fact, all the above-mentioned mineral substances may here be obtained in a variety of ways. Provided you have a vehicle to collect or imbibe the subterraneous exhalations, you are sure of an ample and easy harvest. Tiles and flat stones placed over any of the apertures will, as I have already said, forthwith be incrustated, and the earth itself is employed to imbibe the impregnated exhalations, being for that purpose diligently dug up, turned repeatedly with iron tools, and afterwards submitted to extraction and purification.

From the preceding description, you will naturally and justly conclude, that the Solfatara is nothing else but the crater of a former volcano, not extinguished certainly, but reduced to a state of comparative tranquillity; a continual burning, instead of occasional violent eruptions. The time when this mountain ceased to be an active volcano,

is beyond the reach of history. That in the Emperor Nero's time it appeared much in the same state as we now find it, may be concluded from the following interesting description which the poet Petronius Arbiter has left us of it:

Est locus, exciso penitus demersus hiatu,
Parthenopen inter magnæque Dicharchidos arva,
Cocyta perfusus aqua; nam spiritus extra
Qui ferit effusus, funesto spargitur æstu.
Non hæc autumno tellus viret, aut alit herbas
Cespite lætus ager: non verno persona cantu
Mollia discordi strepitu virgulta loquuntur:
Sed Chaos, et nigro squalentia pumice saxa
Gaudent ferali circum tumulata cupressu:
Has inter sedes diris pater extulit ora
Bustorum flammis, et cana sparsa favilla.

Somewhat more than a mile north of the Solfatara, are the *Astruni*, likewise the remains of an early volcano. But this, unlike the Solfatara, is completely burnt out. Its open crater, a circular plain perhaps three or four miles in circumference, is covered with a beautiful wood of large and small trees, and contains two or three lakes, or rather ponds. Surrounded on all sides by a continued ridge, you can scarcely imagine a more romantic spot. I have only surveyed it from the hills above; for, as it is a royal chace, well stocked with deer and other game, the place is inclosed and locked by a gate.

I took my leave of the Solfatara and the cicerone at the same time. But before I sent the latter back to his home, I obtained from him an exact direction, as I thought, of the way I had to take to arrive at the Lake Agnano, which I intended to take in my road. Ere I had, however, travelled half a mile, I found myself completely *désorienté* and bewildered; and to render my situation ludicrously worse, I had turned my horse into a footpath, between two rocks, which gradually approached each other perpendicularly, till there was actually not room enough either to proceed onward, or even to turn the horse. It was with some difficulty I got off, in order to explore on foot whither the path ultimately led. To leave the horse there was no danger; for, as he could not turn, he was obliged either to stand still, or move on after me in the narrow defile. Going forward, I discovered, in various places, native sulphur making its way through the rocks, and tinging the stone with a variety of hues, some like cinnabar, others bluish, and others yellow; and after penetrating for about forty yards, I found the path terminate in a spring, the water of which was strongly impregnated with sulphur. In and about Naples, where there are hundreds of mineral springs of every description, this is no great curiosity. I was, nevertheless, pleased with the discovery, particularly with the novel sight of seeing brimstone *grow*, if I may be allowed the expression. Another novelty, for *me*, was the sight of vast quantities of wild asparagus, which I met with in this excursion, and which is sold by poor people at Naples. It is not to be compared to our fine English asparagus, and I have seen no other than this wild sort since my stay in Naples.

The greatest difficulty remaining, was to get the horse out of this defile. As I could not drag him out by the tail, I got on and tried to back him; but he did not understand this manœuvre, and reared briskly. Dismounting, therefore, once more, I succeeded, through

holding him by the bridle, and coaxing the animal, in making him retrace his steps backwards, till there was sea-room enough to tack him about.

When all was right again, I resorted to a remedy for finding the true road, which, whenever it lay homewards, I had, ere now, more than once, successfully put in practice. The horse now became cicerone: left to proceed according to his own instinct, he in less than a quarter of an hour brought me into a lane, from whence I saw Lake Agnano right before me, espied and soon met a party of foreigners and Italians on horseback, just coming from the lake. In England we should have passed each other *sans mot dire;* here one of the cavalcade, without ceremony, addressed me, "If you come to see the Grotta del Cane*, sir, you are just in time, the man that shewed it to us is but a little way behind." I thanked him, paced on, and soon met the keeper of that infernal cavern, attended by three dogs, the wretched victims of criminal curiosity.—I'll describe at once.

This Grotta del Cane is here reckoned a very unaccountable sort of a thing, and seems to have been held in wonder already in Pliny's time. In the 95th chapter of his second book, where he treats of exhalations from the earth, he says—"Spiritus letales alibi, aut scrobibus emissi, aut ipso loci situ mortiferi; alibi volucribus tantum, ut Soracte vicino urbi tractu: alibi præter hominem, ceteris animantibus: nonnunquam et homini, ut in Sinuessano agro, *et Puleolano: spiracula vocant, alii Charoneas scrobes, mortiferum spiritum exhalantes.*"

I don't know how it is with you, but to me one of the greatest treats is, to see a natural or artificial curiosity, described already by a Roman or Grecian writer, and little or nothing altered during the interval of so many centuries. Every thing in this sublunary world is so perishable, or subject to change, that it does one good now and then to see an instance, where nature, and much more where the little reptile, MAN, has succeeded in setting the all-destroying grasp of TIME at defiance: besides, the thought of this or that great man having beheld the object before me, just in the same state in which I now find it, converts that object, as it were, into a point of communication, a conductor between me and the person that lived so many ages before.

But speculations aside, and to our grotto; the description of which you perhaps think I have as great a reluctance to enter upon, as the dogs seemed to feel in approaching the cave itself. As soon as the poor devils saw me talk to their barbarous master, they instantly began, almost imperceptibly, to sneak off against the sides of the rock, with their tails hid between their legs; and when the fellow, with pitiless voice, called them to him, they crept, or rather crawled towards us in a reluctant curve (*caninoid* perhaps.) Had I not already been predetermined to forego the gratification of an idle curiosity, I must not have had a heart to be *your* friend, my dear T. not to have been moved by the instinctive anguish of these miserable animals. Giving, therefore, the master to understand that the

* Dog's Cave.

dogs would not be wanted, we proceeded to the grotto without them.

To this little cave, about ten feet long, and six feet in breadth and height, you are admitted by a door which is kept locked. You see nothing that could interest your curiosity; but a mephitic and pestiferous gas, extending more or less to the height of about a foot, spreads itself along the whole floor. Above that altitude the air is harmless, and you respire freely; but below it, any living being breathing the foul air but for the short time of a few minutes, is sure to die under convulsions. The experiment is usually made with dogs; but one of the Spanish viceroys of Naples, the famous Don Piedro di Toledo, a man to whom the city is indebted for many of its improvements, had the inhuman curiosity to make a trial with two galley-slaves, who both died very shortly after their being plunged into the deadly atmosphere. If the time of immersion is but short, such as one minute, and the animal is instantly taken to, and thrown into, the water of the lake (which is but four or five yards off), it will recover from the fit; but its health is nevertheless much impaired by the frequency of similar experiments; and I have been told a dog is seldom able to go through more than twenty repetitions at most. What I am telling you here is all from the reports of others. I was quite satisfied with seeing a light immersed in the gas; it became suddenly extinguished, and, what struck me most, the smoke, instead of rising, travelled in a horizontal direction to the entrance of the grotto, where only it mingled with, and dispersed into, the atmospheric air. This observation, and the circumstance of the gas being confined to the bottom of the cave, proves its being much heavier than common air; and its deadly nature, like that of fixed air (which produces precisely the same effects), unquestionably proceeds from the mineral substances below the surface of the ground, which are, as it were, worked, fermented, and forced upwards by the subterraneous fires.

As talking of a fly puts some people in mind of an elephant, so the view of this cave brought to my thoughts the Oracle of Delphos, which had ceased to give answers as early as the time of the first Roman emperors. The cause of this failure, Plutarch, in his Treatise upon Oracles, ascribes to the gradual wasting of the subterraneous spirit or exhalation in the cave below the temple: I am, therefore, much inclined to believe that there is *some* truth in the alledged reason, and that the *whole* of the oracular mystery was not altogether a pious fraud of the Grecian clergy. It is not at all unlikely that the cave into which the Pythian priestess descended, was, like the Grotto del Cane, filled with an air exhaled from under-ground, a vapour of course not so pernicious, but still capable of inebriating the enthusiast woman, of throwing her into a fit of religious frenzy, during which she might, like the magnetized females of recent memory, abstract herself from things present, and, unconsciously, give replies relating to futurity, which, directed by the art and foresight of the keen priests, and delivered, as they were, under pro-

verbial ambiguity, could not fail of being frequently confirmed by subsequent events. Instances of . . . .

But here, you will say, I am bewildering myself and you in the Pythian Grotto, before I have led you out of the Grotta del Cane; bringing into new troubles before the old ones are got rid of. You are right, my dear T. and the more so as the little I have to add will certainly not justify beginning a new sheet. Once more, my good fellow, you *must* excuse these sallies now and then; in a friendly letter it does one good to write down at random what comes uppermost: as Pliny the Younger says, *aliud est epistolam, aliud historiam; aliud amico, aliud omnibus scribere.*—Come! three Latin quotations in one letter, that is pretty fair I think.

As soon as the experiment with the light was performed, my guide and I bade adieu to the grotto; and here I was witness of another *trait*, strongly indicative of brute understanding and gratitude. As soon as the three miserable curs saw their master lock the door of the cave, they possessed canine logic enough to conclude that nothing more was to be feared with regard to *their* bearing a part in the exhibition.—They capered about joyfully, rolled their still wet carcases in the grass, jumped up their cruel tyrant's legs, and licked and fondled him in the most expressive manner. Even I, though a stranger to them, shared in the manifestation of their thankful joy. Sterne would have made a famous chapter of this; but your humble servant, quite satisfied with the enjoyment of the scene, untied his horse from the tree, and, without any further noticeable incident, arrived at his quarters in the Infrescata, as reported in his last.

Ever your's, &c.

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NAPLES, June —, 1802.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XIX.

Sua cuique quum sit animi cogitatio,
Colorque privus. PHÆDR. PROL. l. v. ver. 7.

Every man has his particular way of thinking and acting.

OUR characters are in a great measure formed by the objects which surround us. To expect that a man who leads a life totally different from mine, should have the same ideas that I have, would be to require contradictions. Why does one Frenchman resemble another Frenchman more than a German, or a German more than a Chinese? The reason is obvious; because these two nations, by their education, and the resemblance of objects presented in common to them, have an infinitely greater connection with each other than with the inhabitants of China.

The general state of mind, turn of thought, and fixed habits which are the consequence of them, arise from education and the circumstances in which men are placed. It is a necessary effect of the principles of association, that the mind becomes indifferent, if not callous to new impressions; it being alrea-

dy occupied with ideas and sensations which render it indisposed to receive others. Thus it is that we seldom see any considerable change in a person's temper and habits after he is arrived at man's estate; nothing short of an entire revolution in his circumstances and mode of life can effect it. Nay, we carry the thought of characteristic symptoms still farther backward; and it is most probable that a boy who was considered as an odd fellow at school, will continue to be an odd fellow, in some way or other, to the end of his days. I have very lately heard it remarked of a person who, not long since, was convicted of a persevering system of peculation; that, during the five years he was at school, he was every autumn constantly and severely corrected for robbing a *golden pippin* tree, in a neighbouring orchard: and he was used to boast, that the dragon of the Hesperides should not prevent him from obtaining his annual booty.

Different reasons are assigned for national characters; some account for them from *moral*, and others from *physical* causes. By the former we may understand all circumstances which are fitted to work on the mind as motives or reasons, and which render a peculiar mode of conduct or turn of manners habitual to us. Of this kind are the nature of government, the revolutions of public affairs, the plenty or penury in which the people live; the situation of a nation with respect to its neighbours, and circumstances of similar influence. By the latter we may understand those qualities of the air and climate, which are supposed to work insensibly on the temper, by altering the tone and habit of the body. But, however ingenious men have reasoned in favour of this position, the operation of *physical causes* is at best very doubtful. It is not possible that any character can be more uniform than that of the Chinese, throughout the immense population of that empire; and yet we have only to examine the map of it to discover the very considerable variations of air and climate which are comprehended in it. Athens and Thebes were but a short day's journey from each other; while the Athenians were as remarkable for ingenuity, politeness, and gaiety, as the Thebans were for dulness, rusticity, and phlegmatic disposition. The Jews of Archangel and Armenia are precisely the same in their conduct and their habits. The French were not always remarkable for their vivacity. The Emperor Julian says of the Parisians, "I prefer them, because their character, like my own, is austere and serious."

What a striking picture of a sudden change in the character of a nation does the Roman history offer! What people, previous to the elevation of the Cæsars, displayed more strength, more virtue, a greater love of liberty, and horror of slavery? And what people, when the throne of the Cæsars was established, manifested more weakness or depravity? Their baseness disgusted even Tiberius. They disdained, from the hands of Trajan, the offer of that liberty which their ancestors had purchased with rivers of blood. Let any one read the tenth Satire of Juvenal, and examine the moral vicissitudes in their character with which he so bitterly reproaches

them. But we may draw our examples from a more recent change, and in our country. Compare the English of the present day, with those who lived under Henry VIII. Edward VI. Mary, and Elizabeth. In short, custom and education will ever be found to predominate over climate.

Sir Richard Steele has somewhere observed, that the natives of England, in their different degrees and several professions, abound more in good sense than any other people; and yet at the same time they possess a diversity of character and cast of thought, which distinguish almost every man from his neighbour. This he explains by comparing it to what the French call *le goût du terroir* in wines; by which expression they mean the different flavour one and the same grape shall draw from the different soils in which it is planted. This national mark is visible amongst us in every rank and degree, from persons of the first quality and the most polished manners, down to the most rude and ignorant of the people.

This variety of character may, I think, be rationally traced to the following cause: The liberty which is our pride, because it is our inheritance. Hence it is that we appear what we are; and as every man has a right to follow his own humour, he frequently takes a pleasure, and sometimes indulges a vanity in shewing it. On the contrary, where the people are generally poor and forced to hard labour, their actions are all of a piece: where they serve hard masters, they must follow their examples as well as commands; and are compelled to imitations in small matters, as well as obedience in great: so that such nations look as if they were all cast in one mould, or cut out all by one pattern; at least, the common people in one, and the higher classes in another. They respectively seem of one sort in their habits, customs, and conversation, as well as in the application of their actions and the pursuits of their lives.

England is the only country in the world, where every man, rich and poor, dares to have a humour of his own, and to avow it upon all occasions. Nor can it be doubted, that it is owing to this freedom of thought and temper, to this unconstrained manner of acting, that we are indebted for the number of learned men which rise up among us, and give such a lustre and dignity to the national character. This frank and generous disposition in a people, will never fail to preserve in their minds an aversion to slavery, and be, as it were, a standing bulwark of their liberties. As long as we have our own way of thinking, speaking, and acting; so long we shall retain that character for honour, bravery, and knowledge, for which, as a nation, we have been so long and so gloriously distinguished.

I have suffered my thoughts to take a larger and rather a different range from that which I intended when I sat down to this lucubration, as my object then was, to consider that pensiveness of character, which, though not very common, is peculiar to England. I do not mean a state of mind arising from adverse fortune, or that nervous affection which is properly placed in the class of diseases; but that fine,

high-wrought, fruitful, benevolent melancholy, not artificially caused by external circumstances, but which is a natural temperament of the mind. It is more disposed to thought than to action, but all its tendencies, though somewhat irregular, and frequently tinged with peculiarity, lean to goodness. It loves solitude, for then it is in the company of Conscience, from whom it fears no reproach; and it proves its love for others by the ardour of its good wishes and the secrecy of its good actions. I could with pleasure enlarge on the subject, if a communication had not been made to me, which describes this character in a vein of poetry which would be ill exchanged for any prose.

Oft have I seen him at the close of day,
Shun the broad street, and steal his cautious way
Through silent alleys to his lov'd resort
In some dull garden of the inns of court;
There would he oft retrace the gloomy round,
And fix his eye upon the well-worn ground:
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies would he walk,
In broken scraps of incoherent talk;
Now stop awhile, now breathe a silent sigh,
And puzzle many a curious passer-by.
He knew the world, but wish'd it all forgot;
The world smil'd at him, for it knew him not:
He sought admittance at no neighbour's door,
His own was only open to the poor;
Yet bore no spleen, no rancour in his mind,
He lov'd, though he avoided all mankind.
Whate'er his grief he never made it known,
And sought for comfort in himself alone;
Ideal blessings real bliss supplied,
And fancy gave him what the world denied.
It chanc'd some triflers watch'd his lone retreat,
And drove him troubled from his silent seat;
Through the dun shades their childish laughs resound,
He flies, and drops these lines upon the ground:
By them his inmost feelings I explor'd,
While thus he woo'd the goddess he ador'd:—

Goddess of golden dreams, whose magic power
Spreads smiles of joy o'er mis'ry's haggard face,
And lavish sheds the visionary flower
To deck life's dreary paths with transient grace,—

I woo thee, Fancy, from thy fairy cell,
Where, midst the various woes of human kind,
Wrapt in ideal bliss thou lov'st to dwell,
And sport in happier regions unconfin'd.

Deep sunk, O goddess, in thy pleasing trance,
Oft let me seek some low sequester'd vale,
While Wisdom's self shall steal a side-long glance,
And, half despising, listen to thy tale.

Alas! how little do her vot'ries guess
Those rigid truths which learned fools revere,
Serve but to prove, O bane to happiness!
Our joys delusive, but our woes sincere!

Be theirs to search where clust'ring roses grow,
To touch the sharp thorn's point, and prove how keen:
Be mine to trace their beauties as they blow,
And catch their fragrance where they blush unseen.

Haply my path may lie through barren vales,
Where niggard fortune all her sweets denies;

E'en there shall Fancy scent the ambient gales,
And scatter flow'rets of a thousand dyes.

Nor let the worldling scoff: be his the task,
To form deep schemes, and mourn his hopes betray'd;
Be mine to range unseen, 'tis all I ask,
And frame new worlds beneath the silent shade:

To look beyond the views of wealth and pride,
Bidding the mind's eye range without controul
Through wild extatic day-dreams far and wide,
To bring returns of comfort to the soul:

To bid groves, hills, and lucid streams appear,
The taper'd spire, arch'd dome, and fretted vault;
With sweet society for ever near,
Love ever young, and friends without a fault.

I see, entranc'd, the gay conceptions rise,
My harvests ripen, and my white flocks thrive;
And still, as Fancy pours her large supplies,
I taste the godlike happiness to give:

To check the patient widow's deep-fetch'd sighs,
And shield her infant from the north blast rude;
To bid the sweetly glist'ning tear arise,
That swims in the glad eye of gratitude:

To join the artless maid and honest swain,
Where fortune rudely bars the way to joy;
To ease the tender mother's anxious pain,
And guard, with fost'ring hand, her darling boy:

To raise up modest merit from the ground,
And send th' unhappy smiling from my door;
To spread content and cheerfulness around,
And banquet on the blessings of the poor.

Delicious dream! how oft beneath thy power,
Thus light'ning the sad load of other's woe,
I steal from rigid fate one happy hour,
Nor feel I want the pity I bestow!

Delicious dream! how often dost thou give
A gleam of bliss, which truth would but destroy;
Oft dost thou bid my drooping heart revive,
And catch one cheerful glimpse of transient joy!

And, oh! how precious is that timely friend,
Who checks Affliction in her dread career!
Who knows distress, well knows, that he may lend
One hour of life, who stops one falling tear.

Oh! but for thee, long since the hand of care
Had mark'd with livid pale my wrinkled cheek,
Long since the shiv'ring grasp of cold despair
Had chill'd my heart, and taught it how to break.

For, ah! Affliction steals with trackless flight,
Silent the stroke she gives, but not less keen;
And bleak misfortune, like an eastern bl ght,
Sheds black destruction, though it flies unseen.

Oh! come then, Fancy, and with lenient hand,
Dry my moist cheek, and smooth my furrow'd brow;
Bear me o'er smiling tracts of fairy land,
And give me more than fortune can bestow!

Mix'd are her boons, and checquer'd all with ill,
Her smiles the sunshine of an April morn,
The cheerless valley skirts the gilded hill,
And hidden storms in ev'ry gale are borne.

Give me thy hope, which sickens not the heart;
Give me thy wealth, which has no wings to fly;
Give me the pride thy honours can impart;
Thy friendship give me warm in poverty.

Give me a wish, the worldling may deride,
The wise may censure, and the proud may hate,—
Wrapt in thy dreams, to lay the world aside,
And snatch a bliss beyond the reach of fate.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS RELATING TO SPAIN AND PORTUGAL, FROM 1805 TO 1812*.

1. THE ever-memorable victory of Lord Nelson, with twenty-seven sail of the line, over Admiral Villeneuve, commanding the fleets of France and Spain, consisting of three and thirty vessels. The action took place off Cape Trafalgar, between Barrosa and Tariffa. The combined fleet was nearly destroyed. —21st October, 1805.

2. The Prince Regent and his family quit Lisbon on the 29th of November. The next day the French enter that capital.—30th of November, 1807.

3. The Royal Family of Spain is inveigled to Bayonne, by the artifices of Bonaparte. Thus become master of Ferdinand VII. Napoleon employs by turns, and with success, both menaces and promises. The throne of Spain is placed at his disposal. Charles and Ferdinand at once become his subjects and pensioners, or, in a word, his state prisoners.—From the 20th of April to the 6th of May, 1808.

4. The loyal inhabitants of Madrid, alarmed for the destiny of the Royal Family, take up arms, and are brutally massacred by the French army commanded by General Murat. —2d of May.

5. The French fleet, under the orders of Admiral Rosily, riding at anchor in the harbour of Cadiz, is attacked by the Spaniards commanded by General Morla. The resistance, though obstinate, was useless, owing to the presence of an English squadron, which blockaded the harbour. Rosily surrenders, with five sail of the line and a frigate.—14th June.

6. Marshal Moncey attacks Valencia. This place is defended by General Caro. The French are obliged to retreat.—From the 28th to the 30th of June.

7. Marshal Bessieres attacks and defeats the Spaniards under the orders of General Cuesta, near Medina del Rio Seco.—14th July.

8. General Dupont is compelled by General Castanos to lay down his arms near Baylen, after an obstinate combat.—19th July.

9. The division Vedel, which

* This article, which is extracted from the second volume of the *Philosopher*, by General Sarrazin, and brings into one view the principal events that have occurred during the present contest in the Spanish Peninsula, will, it is presumed, be deemed of sufficient interest by our readers, to justify its insertion as a matter of record in our pages. The two last articles have been added from the London Gazettes.

EDITOR.

was posted at Carolina, on the Sierra Morena, to maintain Dupont's communication with Madrid, is surrounded at the capitulation of Baylen, and surrenders to Gen. Reding, almost without firing a shot.—19th July.

10. Marshal Moncey is forced to raise the siege of Saragossa, and retreat towards Pampeluna.—From the 2d of July to the 14th August.

11. General Junot attacks the English army near Vimiera. Lord Wellington defeats the French.—21st of August.

12. Convention of Cintra; in consequence of which the French evacuate Portugal, to return to France by sea.—30th of August.

13. The Russian fleet, consisting of nine sail of the line and a frigate, under the command of Admiral Siniavin, at anchor in the Tagus, surrenders to Admiral Cotton.—3d of September.

14. Marshal Lefebvre is attacked and beaten by General Blake, in the environs of Guenes, near Bilboa.—13th October.

15. Generals Romana and Blake are defeated at Espinosa, by Marshals Lefebvre and Victor.—10th of November.

16. Marshal Soult beats the army of Estremadura, commanded by Count de Belvedere, in the neighbourhood of Burgos. This place falls into the power of the French.—10th November.

17. Marshal Lannes attacks Gen. Castanos near Tudela. The Spaniards are obliged to retreat.—23d November.

18. Bonaparte marches rapidly on Madrid. He carries the position of Somosierra. The Polish lancers of the Imperial Guard commit great slaughter on the Spaniards.—30th of November.

19. The French army arrives before Madrid. The populace, more energetic than the chiefs, refuse to capitulate. General Morla, alarmed by the menaces, or seduced by the flattery of Bonaparte, who in person directed the attacks against this capital, represents to the inhabitants that all resistance was not only ridiculous, but extremely dangerous; and 60,000 men, defended by barricadoes and entrenchments in Madrid, lay down their arms, or take to flight in the presence of 40,000 men, of whom about 10,000 were cavalry.—From the 2d to the 4th of December.

20. The town of Rosas capitulates one month after the trenches had been opened.

21. The English cavalry, under the command of Lord Paget, defeat the mounted chasseurs of the Imperial Guard, who thought themselves invincible, since they had beaten the Guard of Nobles of the Emperor Alexander, at the battle of Austerlitz. The engagement took place near Benevente, on the left bank of the Esla.

22. Lord Paget defeats Marshal Soult's advanced guard, near Villa-Franca. General Colbert is killed in the field.—3d January, 1809.

23. General Moore defeats Marshal Soult near Corunna, but is mortally wounded.—16th January.

24. Saragossa, besieged since the 20th of December, 1808, surrenders after a truly heroic defence. General Palafox was at the head of the Spaniards, and Marshal Lannes commanded the besieging army.—Feb. 21, 1809.

25. General Soult enters, by as-

sault, the city of Oporto, on the 29th of March, after having been repulsed in all his attacks on the 27th and 28th of the same month.

26. Lord Wellington passes the Douro near Villanovo, recovers Oporto, and compels Soult to retreat.—12th of May.

27. General Ney attacks the Spaniards at the bridge of San Fayo, in Gallicia, near Vigo. He is repulsed, and compelled to retire upon Corunna.—8th June.

28. Suchet beats General Blake at Belchite, in Arragon, on the right bank of the Ebro.—18th June.

29. The French army, commanded by King Joseph in person, attacks the allied army near Talavera. Lord Wellington maintains his position, and obliges the French to retreat.—28th July.

30. General Venegas is attacked and beaten by Sebastiani, near Almonacid.—11th August.

31. Admiral Collingwood destroys a French convoy destined for Barcelona.—25th Oct.

32. The French make themselves masters of Hostalrich.—8th Nov.

33. General Arrizaga is attacked and beaten by Marshal Soult, in the plains of Ocana.—19th Nov.

34. General Kellerman has an action with the Duc del Parque, near Alba de Tormes. The Spaniards are compelled to retreat.—28th November.

35. Gerona surrenders to the French, after having gloriously supported all the hardships and dangers of a siege of about six months.—10th December, 1809.—When this fortress was attacked in 1684, it had sustained twenty-three sieges, without being reduced, since Philip the Bold took it in 1285. The general of Louis XIV. attacked Gerona on the fourth day after opening the trenches. He penetrated to the center of the town. The inhabitants were able of themselves to drive back the French columns, which had carried the place by assault against the Spanish troops. The slaughter was horrible; the siege was abandoned. Thus in five days Gerona was besieged, taken by assault, and by the energy of the inhabitants, delivered from the presence of the enemy, who took to flight in the greatest disorder, abandoning all their magazines.

36. Marshal Soult, at the head of 50,000 men, clears the defiles of the Sierra Morena, and penetrates into Andalusia.—22d Jan. 1810.

37. The French take possession of Seville almost without resistance. —1st February.

38. General Sebastiani takes Malaga, after a very sharp contest.—5th February.

39. Marshal Victor commences the siege of Cadiz.—6th February.

40. General Augereau beats General O'Donnell, in the vicinity of Vich, in Catalonia.—20th Feb.

41. The Duke of Abrantes takes Astorga.—11th of April.

42. General O'Donnell attacks Suchet near Lerida; victory declares for the French. Lerida surrenders to the French on the 14th of May.

43. Mequinenza surrenders to the French on the 8th of June.

44. Marshal Massena makes himself master of Ciudad Rodrigo, on the 10th of July.

45. Almeida opens its gates to the French army, after a weak resistance.—August 27.

46. Busaco forms part of a chain

of mountains where the English army had taken post, when it was attacked by Marshal Massena. The French are completely defeated.—September 27.

47. Colonel Trant, at the head of the Portuguese militia, surprises the French in Coimbra, and takes the field equipage of their army.—October 7.

48. An expedition commanded by Lord Blaney, directed against the castle of Fuengirola, near Malaga, is repulsed by the French.—October 14.

49. General Musnier attacks and puts to flight the army of Valencia near Vinaroz.—November 26.

50. General Suchet enters Tortosa. This place might have held out a much longer time. Its position near the mouth of the Ebro afforded the allies an opportunity of succouring it.—2d of Jan. 1811.

51. Soult takes possession of Olivenza. On the same day General La Romana dies suddenly at the head-quarters of Cartaxo.—Jan. 23.

52. The corps of Romana, commanded by Mendizabel, is completely defeated by Soult, near the river Geborah.—19th February.

53. The allied army from Cadiz beats the first French corps, commanded by Victor, on the heights of Barrosa. The victory was principally owing to the talents of General Graham and the intrepidity of his troops, who possessed themselves of the eagle belonging to the 8th regiment of infantry of the line; the first taken in Spain by the English since the commencement of the war.—5th March.

54. Badajos surrenders to Marshal Soult, after a very honourable resistance.—11th March.

55. The vanguard of Lord Wellington attacks the rear-guard of Massena, near Pombal, and drives it from its position.—11th March.

56. The same corps engage near Aronches. The French retreat.—15th March.

57. General Beresford attacks the advanced guard of Mortier, in the neighbourhood of Campo-Mayor, and pursues it to the gates of Badajos.—25th March.

58. Lord Wellington attacks Massena's rear-guard, near Sabugal. After a spirited combat, the French position is carried by the bayonet.—3d April.

52. The Catalonians, who had maintained an intelligence with Figueras, take this place by surprise, and establish themselves there to the number of 4000.—April.

60. Lord Wellington is attacked by Massena in his position of Fuente de Honor. The French at first obtain some advantages, of which they do not know how to profit, and are obliged to repass the Agueda, without having been able to penetrate to Almeida.—From the 3d to the 5th of May.

61. The garrison of Almeida, although in view of the English army, succeeds in evacuating this place, after having blown up the fortifications, and rejoins the French army.—From the night of the 10th to the 11th of May.

62. General Beresford forces Olivenza to capitulate.—15th of April.

63. Soult and Beresford have a sanguinary battle near Albuera. The victory is uncertain, but the carnage is horrible.—16th of May, 1811.

64. Engagement of cavalry, near Usagre, between the advanced

guards of Lord Wellington and Marshal Soult.—25th of May.

65. Lord Wellington assaults Badajos twice, without success, and is obliged to raise the siege of this place, in consequence of the junction of the two armies of Soult and Marmont.—From the 6th to the 17th of June.

66. General Suchet takes Tarragona by assault.—28th of June.

67. General Blake is repulsed in his attack on Niebla.—1st of July.

68. Montserat, although defended with spirit, is taken by General Suchet.

69. Soult attacks and defeats the army of Murcia, in the neighbourhood of Baza.—9th of August.

70. The Spaniards surprise the French in Santander.—14th of August.

71. Macdonald, after a long and very difficult blockade, forces Figueras to capitulate.—19th of Aug.

72. General Dorsenne defeats General Abadia in the vicinity of Astorga. In general, the Spaniards of Gallicia have by no means displayed so much energy as the Catalonians; and this apathy must be attributed to their chiefs, since, under General Romana, the Gallicians made Marshal Ney tremble. —25th August, 1811.

73. Lord Wellington blockades Ciudad Rodrigo, from the 4th to the 25th of September, 1811.

74. The blockade of Ciudad Rodrigo is raised. The English rear-guard is attacked near El Bodon by the advanced guard of the Duke of Ragusa. The infantry forms a square, displays a firm countenance, and retires without being broken.—25th September, 1811.

75. The English army quits its entrenched camp at Fuente Guinaldo. The rear-guard is attacked near Aldea da Ponte; it wheels to the right about, and compels the French advanced guard to relinquish the pursuit.—27th Sept.

76. Marshal Suchet disperses the Spanish troops which covered Murviedro, and takes that town. He invests the castle, built on the ruins of the ancient Saguntum.—From the 27th to the 29th of September.

77. General Blake attacks Suchet on the 25th of October. The French are victorious. The castle of Saguntum capitulates.—25th and 26th of October.

78. Baron D'Eroles defeats the French near Puigcerda, on the 26th of October.

79. General Hill, by a series of bold and skilful manœuvres, surprises and completely routs a French column, commanded by General Girard, the same officer who had principally contributed to the victory of Ocana over Arrizaga.—October 28.

80. Marshal Suchet passes the Guadalaviar near Manisses. He overthrows the left of the Spaniards, and compels General Blake to shut himself up in Valencia with the greater part of his army.—December 26th.

81. The French are forced to raise the siege of Tariffa, between the 20th of December, 1811, and the 4th of January, 1812. The glorious defence of the allies brings to our recollection the firmness of Guzman, the governor of that fortress, in 1292. The Moors, who were laying siege to Tariffa, took the son of Guzman in a sally. The besiegers load their prisoner with

chains, conduct him under the walls, and threaten to put the son to death in the sight of the father, should he refuse to surrender immediately. Guzman's only reply was by a shower of arrows. His unfortunate son was immediately poignarded by the Moors, who, despairing to take a place defended by so brave a man, raised the siege.

82. Valencia capitulates! Blake surrenders with an army! Immense magazines fall into the hands of the French!—From the 26th of December, 1811, to the 9th of January, 1812.

83. General Montbrun cannonades Alicant. He summons the garrison to surrender. He is obliged to retreat.—From the 12th to the 16th of January.

84. Lord Wellington carries Ciudad Rodrigo by assault. General Crauford, an officer of very great merit, is mortally wounded in the breach, at the head of his troops.—From the 8th to the 19th of January.

85. The French attack General Lacy, posted on the heights of Altafalla, near Tarragona. The Spaniards fight very bravely: overwhelmed by the numbers and discipline of the French, they are compelled to retire to the mountains.—January 24.

86. Peniscola, by its situation a Gibraltar in miniature, is surrendered to the French by the treason of the governor. That event must also be ascribed to the improvidence of the superior authorities, who neglected to cause an English garrison to occupy a point so important, from its affording a communication by the coast with the guerillas in the interior.—February 4.

87. General Ballasteros attacks and beats, near Cartama, to the west of Malaga, a French column, commanded by General Maransin.—February 16.

88. Lord Wellington lays siege to Badajos on the 16th of March. On the 6th of April he carries the place partly by assault, partly by escalade. The heroic conduct of the English army cannot be more appropriately praised, than by saying that both officers and men shewed themselves the worthy brothers of the conquerors of Aboukir and Trafalgar. The French also did their duty; but Soult committed a great error in placing a garrison of only 5000 men in a fortress, the extent of which requires at least 8 or 9000. That general was also too slow in assembling his army for its relief. Lord Wellington gave him a good lesson of activity and boldness. We might be tempted to believe that the pleasures of Seville have made the Duke of Dalmatia forget the principles of war which he learned with Kleber, and improved under Bonaparte, and of which the duke made such a happy application at Austerlitz, Jena, and Eylau.—April 6.

89. The Portuguese militia, who had taken a position at Guarda, while Lord Wellington was on the banks of the Guadiana, are attacked and defeated by a division of Marmont's army.—April 14.

90. General Hill, after a march of seven days through a mountainous country, takes Almaraz by assault, destroys the works of the enemy, and fortunately returns to his position near Badajos.—May 19.

91. General Ballasteros attacks General Courroux in his position near Bornos. The French, having

drawn the Spaniards into an unfavourable situation, charge them with vigour, and compel them to take to flight.—June 1.

92. The English army make its entry into Salamanca, greeted by the applause and benedictions of a numerous population.—June 17.

93. Of three forts in Salamanca, St. Cayetano is taken by assault, La Merced by escalade, and St. Vicente surrenders by capitulation. —27th June.

94. Marmont's advanced guard attacks Sir Stapleton Cotton near Castrejon. The English effect their retreat in the greatest order.—18th July.

95. The French army passes the Douro. After several effective movements by the two armies, from the 16th to the 22d of July, Marmont engages Lord Wellington. The English are the conquerors. Two eagles, several pieces of cannon, and a great many prisoners, are the fruits of this victory. On the 30th of July, the two armies occupy their former positions of the 16th.

96. Lord Wellington enters Madrid August 12, to the great joy of the inhabitants. Joseph Bonaparte retires with the army of the center from that city towards Toledo and Aranjuez, leaving a garrison on the Retiro, which capitulates on the 14th to the number of 2506: 189 pieces of brass cannon, 20,000 stand of arms, and two eagles also fall into the hands of the captors.

97. The French abandon their positions before Cadiz on the night of the 24th and morning of the 25th August, leaving behind a numerous artillery rendered useless, and a large quantity of stores and powder.

BARBITO, OR THE SPECTRE OF CUENZA.

A SPANISH TALE.

During the reign of Philip II. a rich hidalgo, named Don Lopez, resided on the bank of the Xucar, in the vicinity of Cuenza, at the farthest extremity of New Castile. He had a good heart, good health, a good table, and many friends. He was in all respects a happy man: he feared God, he loved the King, he respected the Holy Office; in a word, he was all that in those days a good Spaniard ought to be, for his peace, his honour, and his eternal salvation.

Don Lopez daily blessed his fate. "What have I done," said he, "to merit the favours with which Heaven is pleased to load me? I have the honour to belong to the greatest nation in the world; I have had my share in its glory; I have served under the great captain and seen Francis I. taken prisoner at Pavia. At home I have nothing to wish for: my wife is a pattern of virtue, and her propensities are exactly the same as mine: whatever she says is just what I would have said, except indeed that I think it a great deal better said by her; and she spares me even the trouble of scolding our domestics, who very often deserve it. We have but one cause of complaint, the want of children; but in this life we must expect some disappointments. I have young distant relations whom I tenderly love, and who return my affection; and friends who never leave me; they form a

voluntary family, who surround me for my happiness and for their own. My friends are attached to me; they are people of excellent understandings. I know not how it happens that they are always in my way of thinking, for why should they stoop to flattery with me? I give them a dinner to be sure, but a dinner is not worth purchasing at such a price. Is not Father Ignacio, one of my guests, accustomed to say, that *man lives upon nothing?*"—This good prior of a convent of Hieronimites actually had this adage in his mouth; but he gave a decided preference to the pullets of Cuenza and the game of Badajos, and never drank wine of Biscay when he could get that of La Mancha.

One single wish disturbed the good Lopez in the midst of his happiness. He was desirous of affording those around him some new and extraordinary gratification, which should heighten the degree of felicity that he thought each of them shared with him. Long were his meditations directed to this subject, and at length he hit upon this expedient. He resolved to disappear, but in the most serious manner, as a person disappears when he dies and is buried. He smiled when he figured to himself the sudden change which he should perceive in the faces of his dear kinsmen and his worthy friends. What an exquisite, what an unexpected, what an overpowering transition from profound grief to extravagant joy, when he should drop among them as from the clouds, and they should hear him say, "Weep no more, here I am!"

I suspect how he came by this idea. It was not very long since Charles V. in his convent in Estremadura, had exhibited the ceremony of his own funeral, and Lopez determined to follow his example. No more than a week clapsed between the formation of this design and its execution.

Don Lopez had an attendant who was the perfect counterpart of the servant of the Centurion. He said to him, Listen, and he listened; Be silent, and he was silent; Follow, and he followed. Don Lopez first feigned illness; he grew worse and worse. There was not a physician but admitted this, since he refused, and for a good reason, to submit to be bled; and according to the practice of the faculty of Madrid, they had, as a preliminary step, proposed four operations of that kind.

At length he was given over and his case declared hopeless. His servant, the only person whom he suffered to attend him in this critical moment, collected the scattered members of a figure provided for the purpose; he hastily put together something which bore no bad resemblance to Don Lopez: the real one slunk away by a private staircase, and had been gallopping for several hours on the high road to Cadiz, with the intention of embarking for the Low Countries, when his image was removed to be conveyed in procession to the great church of Cuenza.

Meanwhile all the bells of Cuenza were in motion, and the dressed-up figure was escorted by the clergy and the family in deep mourning. The whole cathedral was hung with black; its five naves and all the chapels were illuminated; Father Ignacio delivered the funeral sermon, and the singers performed a *De profundis* in such a style, that

the impression made by it is not yet forgotten.

Don Lopez had meanwhile reached the Low Countries; to pass away the six months of his intended absence, he determined to go to the wars. He joined the army just in time to share in the victory of St. Quentin, and to lose the little finger of his left hand in that engagement. This accident was even inserted in the *Mercury* of the time, but under the designation of Don ***, for, as may easily be imagined, Don Lopez preserved the strictest *incognito*. His faithful servant Pedrillo rejoined him, and informed him of all the particulars related above; only that he might not divert his master from his plan, to which he was exceedingly attached, he acquainted him with but a small part of the grief which his supposed death had occasioned, and thus left him in the full enjoyment of the pleasure of being deeply regretted. At the same time Pedrillo did not conceal this circumstance, that in quitting the house on some plausible pretext or other, which is never wanting on such occasions, of all the friends to whom he had bidden adieu, Barbito was the one whom it had cost him the most trouble to prevail upon to remain at Cuenza. Barbito was a Pyrenean dog reared by Don Lopez. This animal was equally distinguished for his beauty, courage, strength, and fidelity. Don Lopez was thoroughly sensible of the attachment of his dear Barbito, which since the disappearance of his master was transferred to things that had belonged to him. He vowed that on his return his dog should have whole rabbits and partridges to feast upon, and an *olla podrida* to his own cheek on the 28th of August, the day on which he had given this grateful proof of remembrance.

Those who enlist under the banners of Mars run more than one risk. Don Lopez was taken prisoner by a knight of Lower Bretagne, who conducted him to his castle, and there kept him confined till the peace, that is to say, for the space of two tedious years. During all this time Don Lopez heard not a single word of Castile, and saw nothing from the windows of his dungeon but the chimnies of Quimper-corentin.

Meanwhile several incidents had occurred at Cuenza. The grief excited by the death of Don Lopez was too acute to be lasting: such is the case with all violent emotions; were it not so, we should be unable to endure them, and this it is that excuses the human heart.

The good Castilian was prudence itself, and that he might make sure of finding his house as he left it, he had taken care to bequeath to his wife the full and free possession of all his property. Donna Beatrix, for that was her name, was, as we have observed, a discreet woman, and such a lover of order, that she had not moved a chair from the place in which it stood for upwards of fifteen years.

The will was found in the writing-desk of the supposed defunct; but the dear nephews, who had looked forward to the succession of their beloved uncle, attacked this sole support of the widow. A lawyer discovered that there was a comma in a place where there ought to have been a full point, and a particle where there should have been a

conjunction. The matter was referred to the corregidor, by the corregidor to the oydors of the royal tribunal of Valencia, and by these oydors to the oydors of the chancery of Grenada, who, on account of the fatal comma, unanimously decided against the widow. The nephews were accordingly put in possession of the estates of Don Lopez. Donna Beatrix was allowed to retain the house alone: as her habits were frugal and her wishes moderate, as her wardrobe remained in the same place, her stock of chocolate in the same cupboard, and the cage of her parrot in the same corner, she was dejected only because the loss of the suit reminded her of the loss of her husband.

The affair, however, became the talk of the whole country and the neighbouring provinces. Don Lopez having regained his liberty, and being put quite out of conceit with the idea of exciting surprise, returned as speedily, at least, as he had departed. At an inn at Saragossa, he was informed of what had passed; he was somewhat astonished, but had no doubt that his presence would much more astonish his nephews, and restore things to their proper order. Instead, however, of the magnificent entertainment which he had designed to give, and in the midst of which he was to drop from the sky, to his own great joy and that of the whole company; the first thing he did, was to run home, and tell his wife, that it was all a joke, and that for the rest he had intended to return sooner.

He went in, and found Donna Beatrix sitting in the same chair, on the same spot, and engaged in the same occupation as formerly, that is, in making a dress for Our Lady of Cuenza. He ran towards her with all the eagerness of an affectionate husband. Donna Beatrix might, perhaps, have been thinking of him, but most certainly she never expected to see Don Lopez. No sooner did she perceive him than she crossed herself, and falling upon her knees before an image of St. Jago de Compostella, "Ah, my dear husband!" cried she, "pray don't hurt me; you know that I never did any thing to displease you." Don Lopez kept advancing. "Ah! dear, Holy Virgin!" exclaimed she, covering her face with her hands, "do not touch me, my dear husband, go back again, go back! If your soul wants any thing for its repose, I promise that plenty of masses shall be said for it; but, for Heaven's sake, go back, or you will frighten me to death!"

The good hidalgo, finding that his wife took him for a spectre, and that she was too much agitated to listen to his explanation, knew not whether to laugh or to weep; but, with a view the more effectually to revive her spirits, he hurried to the convent of Hieronimites, and ran up stairs to the apartment of the Reverend Father Ignacio.

The father had just done copying the sermon of a missionary of Gallicia, for the purpose of appropriating it to his own use. This sermon treated of all the appearances which the evil spirit is capable of assuming in order to tempt the handmaids of the Lord, and was to be delivered successively in each of the six nunneries of Cuenza. Scarcely had Don Lopez entered, and opened his mouth to make himself known to

his old friend, than the monk, who was full of his subject, and very far from a free-thinker, stared at him all aghast. Poor Don Lopez grieved at the fright in which he had left his wife, and not less astonished at the fixed attitude of Ignacio, pulled him forcibly by the sleeve. The jolly prior, roused as from his *siesta* after a good dinner, and divided between the fear of the devil whom he attacked in his sermon, and the figure of Don Lopez, which, as he thought, the devil alone could have assumed, scampered out at the door which was left open, and without once looking behind him, left the field of battle to Don Lopez, or rather to the evil spirit.

Lopez quitted the convent, and went straightway to his nephews. He first met with the younger, and asked if he did not know him. The young man, who disbelieved the existence of ghosts, burst into a laugh. "God be praised," cried Lopez, "here, at least, I have found one rational person!" Upon this he began to relate to his nephew how his wife and the prior had taken him for what he was not; he assured him, that, so far from being a spirit, he was still flesh and bone—his dear uncle, the good hidalgo Lopez, who had always cherished a particular affection for him; and concluded with trusting that his nephews would now, as a matter of course, restore his estate, of which they had taken possession rather too early. The young man was an Andalusian, gay and jocose; he laughed more heartily than before, and said, "Go about your business, good man; the mourning for you is over."

At these words Don Lopez flew into a violent passion, which is natural enough for a man who is denied to be what he is. This warm altercation attracted the notice of the elder brother, who went down stairs to see what was the matter. Don Lopez was not received more favourably by him; in vain he had recourse to persuasion and to threats. All the servants and the neighbours thronged round: one said that it could not possibly be the hidalgo Don Lopez, because he was at his interment; another, that Father Ignacio delivered the funeral discourse; a third, that he had carried a taper on the occasion to the convent of the Black Penitents; and all agreed, that the stranger had something of the look of Don Lopez, but for this reason he was the more dangerous an impostor. A little man, in black, judiciously observed, that it would be well to secure him, and carry him before the corregidor. This proposal was seconded by all the bystanders, and especially the two nephews; and they were just proceeding to put it into execution, in spite of the very natural rage of our hidalgo, when an alguasil major and four familiars, or officers of the Inquisition, alighting from a carriage, seized and hurried him before that highly respectable tribunal.

I shall not give the particulars of the examination which poor Don Lopez here underwent, or of the torture by water, to which recourse was had to force him to confess what demon had taken possession of him, and to what order and class he belonged. The good hidalgo held out stoutly against the first six glasses which he was forced to swallow; but when he was extended

upon a table, and a prodigious funnel thrust into his mouth, to double or triple the dose of the fatal liquid, his courage forsook him, and he would have confessed himself to be a devil of any class they pleased, but for a tremendous noise which suddenly resounded through the dreary vaults, and diverted the attention of his tormentors.

The blast that burst from the horn of Astolpho, or from the trumpets of Israel when they overthrew the walls of Jericho, could alone be compared to the sound which wakened all the echoes of this abode of silence and of terror. The familiars fell upon their knees, thinking that the last day had arrived; poor Don Lopez raised himself on his seat; the pen dropped from the hands of the secretary; the inquisitor turned pale:—it was Barbito, the faithful, the affectionate, the terrible Barbito. He had accidentally got scent of his master near the convent of the Hieronimites; he had followed him from street to street, to the Inquisition; where the gaolers from fear, and the dogs of the prison out of friendship, had permitted him to enter. Barbito, restless, impatient, furious, continued to seek his master; he perceived him, and overturning every thing in his way, leaped upon the table; and having for a considerable time licked his hands, at length lay down at his feet. Woe be now to any one who durst approach him!

Barbito changed the fate of Don Lopez. But for him his master could have expected nothing milder, than to be imprisoned for life, after figuring in an *auto da fé;* but the testimony of his dog was a ray of light that completely convinced the secretary. This little man was a great scholar, who was just then printing a most ingenious dissertation on the souls of brutes. Barbito afforded an additional argument in favour of his system, and Don Lopez reaped the benefit of this. The clerk demonstrated to the inquisitor, that a dog is a witness who cannot be objected to in any country. What proved besides that Don Lopez was not a devil in disguise, was, that he had not perceived the least smell of brimstone, which was generally the case with those who passed through his hands.

The secretary accompanied Don Lopez and Barbito to Donna Beatrix; at the sight of this witness, conjugal affection overcame her fears. But the good hidalgo might have perceived, if he would, that his return put her very much out of her way. She was, as we have observed, extremely methodical: for two years she had lived in the style of a widow, and now found herself obliged to resume that of a wife; but such was the goodness of her disposition, and her fondness for Don Lopez, that the shadow of dissatisfaction was soon past, and an hour afterwards she thought of nothing but the happiness of seeing him again.

The wife of Don Lopez was the only person that followed the example of Barbito. The nephews who had inherited his property, would never acknowledge him, and merely admitted that he bore some resemblance to the deceased. Father Ignacio entrenched himself behind his funeral discourse. The question concerning the restitution of the property was not discussed; Don Lopez recovered nothing, because,

exclusively of the confusion which a retrograde movement creates in families, the corregidor of Cuenza, the royal audienza of Valencia, and the chancery of Grenada, could not be wrong.

The little secretary, who supported his book in patronising Don Lopez, had a sister, who was first waiting-woman to the king's mistress, Donna Clara de Mendoza, whom Titian was then painting as Venus Anadyomene, without other habiliment than a necklace and bracelets of oriental pearls as large as pigeons' eggs. The waiting-woman introduced Don Lopez and his dog to Donna Clara.

The first act of kindness certainly proceeded from a woman; in the sex the heart never fails to guide the head. Donna Clara represented every thing to the monarch, from Barbito to the little finger of Don Lopez. She considered only his misfortunes and his goodness of heart; the king, on the other hand, beheld the services of a brave Spaniard, who had never asked a favour, and settled a pension upon him.

Don Lopez purchased the work of the little secretary, and wrote the history which the reader has here perused, to warn any one who should have a fancy to return like himself, to take the prudent precaution to cause himself to be first recognized by his Barbito.

LETTER FROM A BRITISH OFFICER IN SPAIN.

The following letter from an officer in the British army in Spain, which the kindness of a correspondent enables us to submit to our readers, though it may add nothing to the political information which we already possess, will, nevertheless, we presume, be perused with interest, as containing details connected with the late glorious events in the Peninsula, and some particulars which cannot find their way to the public except through the channel of private communications.

EDITOR.

MADRID, 17th Aug. 1812.

DEAR N.

I WROTE to you last from Salamanca, on the 28th ult. I left that place on the 1st inst. and joined head-quarters on the 5th, at Cuellar;—6th halted at Del Rey;—7th arrived at Segovia, a large and well built city. The people received us in the *Plaça* with every appearance of satisfaction; *Viva in Espania* resounded from all quarters; and a profusion of silks, tapestry, &c. was exhibited from the windows. The castle and cathedral are remarkably fine buildings. In the former the French spiked all the guns, burnt the carriages, and wetted about 150 barrels of powder. The interior of the latter is highly ornamented, and has some handsome painted windows.

On the 8th we had a short and delightful march to San Ildefonso, a hunting palace of the king, situated at the foot of the Guadarama mountains, which rise majestically from its bank. The whole staff were accommodated in the palace and offices. It contains some valuable paintings and statues. In the gardens are some magnificent fountains, superior to those at Versailles. We remained here the whole of the 9th, when the *jets d'eau* were put in motion, and some bands of the

nearest regiments attended: after this a ball was given in the palace, thus mixing with war all the charms of peace. They have here an extensive glass manufactory, which we all attended, and saw the whole process; several glasses were blown, cut, and engraved in the presence of Lord Wellington, who observed, that he had never seen the operation before.

On the 10th we crossed the mountains, where a handful of men might have disputed the passage with effect; but the good fortune of the Earl accompanied us, and we halted at Cercadilla. On the 11th we stopped at Torreladones. In the evening of this day, I am sorry to say, we met with a reverse of fortune. The Portuguese cavalry were in front, with six light field-pieces; and in their rear, in a village, were the German dragoons: a body of French cavalry advanced, and were charged by the Portuguese; but on their nearing the enemy, they were seized with a panic, and wheeled round, overturning two of the guns in their flight. The consequence was, that three of the guns were taken. The Germans had not time to form, so sudden was the affair: however, they attacked, and did some execution, but at length were forced to retire. The French occupied the village, and found there a great part of the baggage of the troops engaged, and the commissariat stores of the brigade. Early in the morning of the 12th I rode over the ground, and saw about thirty dead bodies. The French had carried off or buried their dead, with the exception of an officer and private I saw among some vines. The guns they drew up together, spiked, and set fire to their carriages.

In the course of that day we entered the city of Madrid, but the head-quarters not until the following day. On the 13th a grand illumination took place, which continued three days. The new constitution, as established by the Cortes, was publicly read, and a grand procession took place through the principal streets, proclaiming it in all the most public places. Every window was decorated with some finery, and those who had paintings of Ferdinand, hung them out. Immediately after this our fifth division marched through to invest the Retiro. The exclamations were louder than before, and both men and women seemed eager to shake by the hand our officers and men: it was a most gratifying sight. On the 14th I had the pleasure of seeing the French march out of the Retiro, leaving their arms inside, but carrying out a great quantity of baggage. The greater part were drunk, and railed dreadfully against their officers, accusing them of cowardice, &c. The stores of every description found here are immense.

On the 15th we had a grand ball at the Government-House—waltzes and country dances. The Prince of Orange danced the former remarkably well. The Hero of Salamanca was in high glee, and to have seen him you would have supposed that he thought of nothing but pleasure. He is an extraordinary man: the British troops idolize him, and the Portuguese and Spaniards look upon him as a being sent from heaven to punish the enemy and protect them. I went yesterday over the palace, which is really a princely residence, although at present incomplete. There are an immense number of paintings and some good

busts; all the ceilings are painted, and the whole is elegantly fitted up. Joseph left it only two days before we arrived, and had not time or means to remove but few things, had he had the inclination. The public buildings and promenades are remarkably fine. The women are also very superior in beauty and figure, and form a marked contrast with the men, who are really much below par. We expect to move in a day or two, but whither we know not, indeed I may say care not, so his lordship but leads the way. I must acknowledge I shall leave Madrid with regret; its theatres and places of amusement, independent of good eating and drinking, make it a desirable residence.—Adieu! and believe me truly

Your's, &c.

J. R.

Plate 22.—SOHO-SQUARE.

Soho-Square, though not equal for extent and beauty of the area to many of the squares which adorn the west end of the British capital, may, however, vie with most in regard to the regularity of the buildings by which it is surrounded. It is situated a little to the southward of the east end of Oxford-street, and dates its erection from the reign of Charles II. A statue of that monarch adorns the center of the green which occupies the middle of this square, and is inclosed with iron railing. At his feet are figures representing the four principal rivers of England, the Thames, the Trent, the Severn, and the Humber.

In this square the Duke of Monmouth began to build a fine stone mansion for his own residence. One of the last persons of distinction that occupied the edifice was the Count de Guerchy, by whom it was inhabited in the reign of George II. It has since been demolished, and Bateman's Buildings erected on its site. Here also is the house which formerly belonged to the Earls of Carlisle, after whom it was denominated, and which afterwards became, under the direction of Madame Cornely, a place of public resort for masquerades, balls, and other diversions. When it ceased to be used for these purposes, the grand saloon was purchased, and converted into a place of religious worship for persons of the Catholic persuasion, by the name of St. Patrick's Chapel.

In Soho-Square are the shops of two of the principal booksellers of London in their respective lines. On the south side is that of Mr. W. H. Lunn, (from which the view that accompanies this account was taken) whose stock of Greek and Latin classics, printed as well on the Continent as in this country, is not to be matched for extent and variety by that of any bookseller in the British dominions. On the west side is the elegant shop of Dulau and Co. one of the chief importers of the productions of the French press.

Soho-Square will be farther interesting to the scholar and the philosopher, as the residence of Sir Joseph Banks, a gentleman not less fitted for the high station which he holds in the learned world, by his attainments and the liberality of

his mind, than by his particular and unremitted attention to the interest and advancement of natural knowledge, and by his generous patronage of the arts. The house of the venerable president of the Royal Society is in the south-west corner of the square: here the copious and valuable collections made by him, during the course of a long life, are preserved; and here his *conversazioni* are frequented by the most eminent literary and scientific characters of the metropolis.

The following anecdote relative to Sir Joseph's father, which we believe to be not generally known, is so interesting, that though perhaps not strictly in its place here, yet none of our readers will we trust be displeased with its insertion.

"Sir Joseph Banks is by descent a Swede, and his father, who came over to this country in no very opulent circumstances, is said to have raised his fortune by an uncommon accident. Mr. Banks, who worked as a labourer at some species of manufacture, was returning one day from his employment, at a time when a dreadful fire was consuming the houses in a street thro' which he passed. Animated by a sentiment of humanity, he repaired to the conflagration, with a view of affording assistance to the unhappy sufferers. At this moment a lady appeared at the window of one of the houses, and the spectators being unable to provide any means for her descent, she drew back again into the flames. Mr. Banks, with the utmost intrepidity, instantly entered the house, ascended the burning stairs, brought off his charge, and, having delivered her to the protection of her friends, withdrew with the consciousness of having done a worthy action. The lady who was rescued, desirous of testifying her gratitude, and unable to discover her benefactor, inserted an advertisement in the newspapers, requesting that he would call upon her. Though the advertisement was unsuccessful, and though the lady imagined that in her confusion and terror she had forgotten the person of the unknown; yet, passing some time after in her carriage along the streets of London, the face of one of the passengers caught her eye, and she instantly expressed her confidence that she had found her deliverer. Mr. Banks being questioned, acknowledged that he had seen the advertisement, but having done nothing but his duty, had thought proper to decline the overture. From this moment an acquaintance commenced, and Mr. Banks appeared to be as manly and respectable as he was intrepid and generous. The lady he had saved was a widow, rich and young, and the gratitude and friendship that the incident occasioned, at length terminated in marriage. Such was the foundation of the present opulence of the President of the Royal Society*."

* *Catalogue of Five Hundred celebrated Authors of Great Britain*, 1788. 8vo.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

So rapid and extensive has been the demand for the humorous *Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*, that a very large impression is completely exhausted, and the publisher is preparing a second edition, which will be ready for delivery in a few days.

Mr. Agg is preparing for the press a poem, to be entitled *The Battle of Salamanca*, which is intended to comprise all the memorable events of that glorious contest, which has shed a new and imperishable lustre on the name of Wellington and the British army.

A poem, entitled *The Rival Roses; or, Wars of York and Lancaster*, will shortly make its appearance in two handsome volumes octavo.

A new monthly publication is about to appear, under the title of *The Protestant Advocate;* or, Review of Roman Catholic Publications, and Magazine of Protestant Intelligence.

In the press, *Letters on the Religious and Political Tenets of the Romish Hierarchy*, addressed to the Rev. Dr. Troy, titular Archbishop of Dublin, by the Rev. William Hales, D. D. late professor of the Oriental languages in the university of Dublin, and rector of Killesandra, in Ireland.

The Grounds of Protestantism; or, the causes which contributed to the secession of our forefathers from the errors and corruptions of the Church of Rome, by the late Wm. Robertson, D. D. the celebrated historian, will shortly appear.

The literary world will in a few days be gratified with the publication of the *Adversaria* of the late Professor Porson. The volume consists of notes and emendations on the different Greek poets, digested and arranged by Professor Monk and Mr. Blomfield, beautifully printed at the Cambridge University press, with Greek types cast after the models given by Mr. Porson himself, and embellished with a portrait.

Sir Humphry Davy has in the press, *Elements of Agricultural Chemistry*, in a course of Lectures delivered before the Board of Agriculture, illustrated by plates.

Mr. Ivimey is preparing a second volume of his *History of the English Baptists.*

The Editor of Selections from the Gentleman's Magazine has in the press, in two octavo volumes, a collection of curious and interesting *Letters*, translated from the originals in the Bodleian Library, with biographical and literary illustrations.

Mr. Thom, author of the History of Aberdeen, is about to publish *The Annals of Pedestrianism*, which will contain an account of Captain Barclay's extraordinary performances, with many anecdotes of sporting men.

The Rev. W. B. Daniel will speedily publish a supplementary volume to his *Rural Sports.*

An edition of the late Mrs. Cowley's works, in three octavo volumes, is in a state of forwardness at the press.

The Rev. T. B. Dibdin has in a considerable state of forwardness, *A Metrical History of England*, in two octavo volumes.

Robert Surtees, Esq. of Mainsforth, is preparing for the press, *A History of the County of Durham.* The work will be illustrated by engravings of the most curious specimens of ancient architecture in the county, and portraits of a few of the most distinguished men.

Mr. Clutterbuck has made great progress in his *History of Hertfordshire*, and the work will speedily be put into the hands of the printer.

A continuation of Dr. Nash's *History of Worcestershire* is in preparation.

A second edition of Sir John Cullum's *History of Hawsted*, with corrections and additions, is printing in an elegant style, and will appear early in the winter.

The third volume of Manning and Bray's *Surry*, and the third volume of Hutchins' *Dorsetshire*, are fast advancing in the press.

The following arrangements have been made for Lectures at the Surry Institution in the ensuing season:—Mr. Coleridge, on the Belles Lettres, to commence on Tuesday the 3d of November, and to be continued on each succeeding Tuesday; Mr. Mason Good, on the Philosophy of Physics, to commence on Friday the 20th of November, to be continued on each succeeding Friday; and Dr. Crotch, on Music, to commence early in 1813.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Six Canzonets for the Voice, composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, and most respectfully dedicated to the Right Honourable Lady Mary Lennox, by Sir J. A. Stevenson, Mus. Doc. First Set. Pr. 8s.

THE rehearsal of these canzonets has afforded us an hour's most agreeable employment. They are conspicuous for that elegance of melody, suitable delicacy of expression, and richness and variety of accompaniment, which have rendered the doctor's vocal works so deservedly admired in this and the sister kingdom. The imitation of the Italian style, perceptible both in the melodies and the accompaniments of the present as well as other publications of our author, bespeak a refined taste and a correct judgment. It would be somewhat bold, to give a decisive opinion as to the comparative merits of the six canzonets before us; all possess peculiar features of attraction, although *our own* partiality leans towards the third. After this general and well merited commendation of the whole, we shall state a few of the observations that occurred to us in the perusal. The triplet accompaniment of the 1st canzonet in $\frac{2}{4}$ time, will require a very steady timeist to apportion correctly his four quavers in every bar of the voice to the six *trioled* quavers in the accompaniment, so as not to verge into a $\frac{6}{8}$ melody. In the duets, Nos. 2 and 5, the first voice (supposing the first vocal staff to be intended as such) is generally lower than the second, thus converting, for instance, a lower sixth into an upper third, &c.; a practice which, however frequent with many English composers, is, in our opinion, productive of an unnatural effect: the return, likewise, into the key of E from that of B (*p*. 7, *l*. 1), is too sudden and unprepared; in canz. V. bar 8, the accompaniment leading to the transition in A, appears defective, as involving concealed successive fifths; and, *p*. 18, *l*. 3, *b*. 2, the two first crotchets in the voice ought to be quavers. The idea *p*. 15, *l*. 2, *b*. 2, is a varied repetition of the one in the preceding canzonet, *p*. 12, *l*. 3, *b*. 1. In the sixth canzonet the solution into the inverted chord of F (*p*. 22, *l*. 3, *b*. 5), appears, in the way it is brought about by the preceding bar, very harsh to the eye as well as the ear.

The DEVIL'S BRIDGE, *an Operatic Romance, in Three Acts, performing with universal applause at the Theatre Royal, Lyceum; written by S. J. Arnold, Esq.; the Music composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte*, by C. E. Horn and Mr. Braham. Pr. 15s.

The very great number of pieces comprised in this opera, will not permit our report to extend to a length proportionate to the work. As, however, the composition has been a partnership concern, we shall treat briefly and separately of the contributions from each member of the firme.

From Mr. Braham's pen we have about five or six pieces only, being those in which he had to sing himself. They are perhaps not so elaborate as his earlier compositions, yet, as like all Mr. Braham's music, their melody and harmony are decidedly of the Italian school; they please the ear, and are attended with briliancy and showiness in their dramatic effect, let them be of ever so plain a texture. The best of the whole, and indeed a very able performance, is the picture song, "*'Tis but fancy's sketch.*" The merit of this song lies, next to the appropriate musical expression for the text, in the happy idea of assigning to the instruments *one* melody in flowingly linked quavers, while the voice intrudes with *another*, quite different and independent, and utterly unsupported by the accompaniment; in the manner of "*Soave sia il vento,*" in "Cosi fan' tutte," or "*Deh vieni alla finestra,*" in "Don Giovanni." The prison song, with its pathetic recitativo, the minor andantino, and the lively concluding quick movement, demands likewise special notice.—"Though love is warm awhile," is agreeable, and smartly imagined; and, "Behold in his soft, expressive face," is in many respects an interesting and pleasing composition.

Mr. Horn's share of this opera is much more voluminous. The overture does him credit, its introductory slow movement teems with scientific and chromatic touches. A bravura of Mrs. Dickons, "*Bright Sun, I adore thee,*" claims particular notice. The recitativo is strikingly impressive, and the polacca theme of the succeeding quick movement very elegant. But in the last line of this very recitativo (first bar), we discover an unaccountable flaw—at once fierce successive fifths in the two last crotchets of the accompaniment, and an erroneous chord to the last B of the voice. The quartett, "The vesper bell," is interesting. Another song of Mrs. Bland's, "The parent bird awhile forsakes," is conspicuous for its taste and variety in point of melody, and its very select accompaniment. In Miss Kelly's song, "The sigh, and she knew not why," we have to remark another slip of the author's pen. The ascent in the bass of the 3d and 4th bars of the symphony, might do very well if music were only written for the eye; but as it is for the ear, we must object to the fourth bar, the bass of which does no longer fall in appropriately with the third repetition of the three quavers in the treble. Upon the whole, this opera will afford a fund of entertainment to vocal amateurs.

The Hunters of the Alps, a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, by W. Fish. Pr. 2s.

This production conveys a favourable impression of Mr. F.'s abilities. The andante prelude in E b is neatly devised; and in the rondo itself, we observe several pleasing passages *p.* 4, an agreeable minor part *p.* 5, some interesting and well-joined ideas *p.* 6, and a brilliant, although not original, conclusion *p.* 7. The whole is easy and very proper music for the practice of the student.

A Sonata for the Piano-Forte, in which is introduced a favourite Irish Air, composed, and dedicated to Mrs. O'Grady, of Kilballyowen, by George Buchanan.—Op. 2. Pr. 3s.

Although somewhat deterred by the very first page, we had the perseverance to go through the whole of this sonata, purposely with a wish to discover at least something which might claim favourable notice; but our endeavour has been fruitless. The author's ideas, turns, and passages, as well as his bass and harmonic arrangement, are not of the present time; every thing appears fifty years in arrear. The melody, as much as there is of it, is simple and common-place; and the accompaniment meager and harsh. Besides these general remarks, there are many individual parts which are radically objectionable: of those we will only mention *p.* 4, *l.* 4, bars 2 and 3, the bass of which presents the most barefaced successive fifths. The descent of the left hand, *p.* 8, *ll.* 6 and 7, produces most repugnant harmony: much the same may be said of the curious transition to the key of D, *p.* 1, *l.* 4; and another, from G minor to B major, *p.* 10, *l.* 3, *b.* 4, is too unprepared. The chord too, assigned to the latter half of the next following bar, instead of being $\substack{5\\3\\1}$, should be $\substack{6\\4\\1}$, &c. &c.

A Treatise on the Elements of Music, in a Series of Letters to a Lady, illustrated with Plates, by William Steetz, of Hamburg. Pr. 15s.

We are pleased with the author's idea of clothing the dry rudiments of theoretical music in the familiar garb of epistolary correspondence. Indeed, when it is considered that drawing, botany, mythology, and even natural philosophy have been "made easy" to the capacity of the fair sex by the same means, it is a matter of surprise, that the path chosen by Mr. S. should not have been trodden before in this country. As the *matter* contained in the letters before us is not new, their merit is to be sought for in the *manner* in which the subject has been treated. In point of perspicuity we think they are entitled to unqualified commendation. The author gives his instruction in a facile and clear manner peculiar to himself. His style is frequently humorous, always lively; but his *naïveté* at times borders on vulgarity. To "pop" upon a passage, or into a room; to wish a thing at "Old Nick," and other expressions of that stamp, would be deemed inelegant in common conversation, much more so in letters addressed to a lady. Nor do we think the excessive praise bestowed by Mr. S. on the musical taste and talent of his own country at the expence of poor England, any great "*captatio benevolentiæ*" with a British fair, who might be

tempted to reply to Mr. S. "If your Germans had fiddled less and fought better, they would not now have to dance to the tune of a foreign tyrant." We mention these matters with the greater freedom, as the author himself modestly solicits to be informed of the defects of his work, and as their omission in a second edition will, in our opinion, benefit the success of his labour; although, even in their present edition, they are not of a nature to prejudice an *impartial* reader against the real merits of the work. The chapters on the major and minor gamuts, and the brief instructions on chords, are clear and satisfactory; and the "little rounds," or mechanical instruments, for devising all the major and minor scales and chords, are certainly very ingeniously contrived, and well calculated to assist *mechanical* heads. We could have wished the author had entered more fully into the doctrine of chords, concords, as well as discords; and not reserved that task to his projected Treatise on Thorough-Bass. He would, by so doing, have been enabled to have treated the chapter of transitions with greater method and facility, than in the way he has done by means of the subsemitonium, or, as he terms it, the "Sensible Note." We certainly should have preferred for illustration of this part of the treatise, examples exhibiting the bare, but full chords, to the preludes given in plates IV. V. and IX. the passages of which are awkward and uncouth. The directions for tuning the piano-forte, contained in chapter XIII. are ample and appropriate; and the musical vocabulary at the end of the work, is comprehensive and satisfactory.—Upon the whole, we think Mr. S.'s treatise a fit book for the instruction of the musical student; and his method most likely to interest the attention of such amateurs as have not resolution and patience sufficient for entering on the study of more abstract and complete systems of the harmonic science.

A Duet for the Harp and Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to the Misses Langston, by J. B. Cramer.—Op. 52. Pr. 7s. 6d.

The duet before us consists of three movements, an allegro in B♭, an adagio in E♭, and a rondo in B♭. It is no small praise in the numerous works of this classic composer, to acknowledge that he repeats himself in nothing, except in the elegance and harmonic excellence with which he treats every thing that issues from his prolific pen. This observation applies forcibly to the present composition; the allegro is distinguished by an inimitable richness and brilliancy of ideas, relieved at intervals with beautifully melodious *dolces*, an emulation of the two instruments in alternately fine and bold responsive flights, and many scientific modulations, especially in the second part. In the adagio we are won by the usual flow of the author's pathetic softness; and the $\frac{6}{8}$ subject with which the rondo sets out, and which is handled subsequently in a masterly manner, commands applause by its charming simplicity. Of the effect of the harp, we are, in the present instance, prevented from judging practically; but a careful perusal of the part, and a comparison with that of the piano-forte, enables us to anticipate the treat

which this publication will afford us when we shall have an opportunity of commanding the assistance of an experienced hand on the former instrument.

"*Now in her green Mantle,*" *a Glee for four Voices, as sung by Mrs. Vaughan, Messrs. W. Knyvett, Vaughan, and J. B. Sale, composed* by W. Knyvett. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Although we observe in this glee no particular features of originality, yet the melody is pleasing, and the four parts are built with that respectable share of skilful contrivance, which cannot fail to procure vocal amateurs an agreeable and instructive exercise. If the second stave is to be sung by the male voice exactly as indicated by the G cleff, it will not only be found of very high ascent, but produce that kind of trifling effect which is always perceptible when a second is set higher than the first part it is to support; and, on the other hand, if the pitch is intended an octave lower than it is written, why not prefix at once the counter-tenor-cleff, in the same manner as the third voice has the tenor-cleff assigned to it, by which means all uncertainty would have been avoided?

P. A. Corri's *Original System of Preluding, comprehending Instructions on that Branch of Piano-Forte Playing, with upwards of 200 progressive Preludes, in every Key and Mode, and in different Styles, so calculated that Variety may be formed at Pleasure.* Pr. 8s.

The preceding publication is a considerable and a very interesting portion of Mr. Corri's great work, *L'Anima di Musica*, to which we allotted an extended space in our musical criticism of No. XXXVI. of the *Repository*. As on that occasion we spoke fully on the distinguished merits of this part of the work, we shall beg leave to refer our readers to the before-mentioned number; adding our approbation of the publishers, Messrs. Chappell & Co. giving the present extract separately, and thus rendering the instructions it contains more accessible to the generality of students.

"*Auld Lang Syne,*" *a favourite Scotch Air, with eight Variations and Coda for the Piano-Forte,* by F. Lanza. Pr. 2s. 6d.

To experienced players "Auld Lang Syne" may be recommended as a composition deserving of their attention. The variations are skilfully devised, and replete with diversified treatment of the theme. Among those which struck our fancy particularly, we shall mention No. 3, with its clever harmonic arrangement: the largo, No. 5, likewise has strong claims on our favour; as also the andante, with its appropriate crossed-hand evolutions. A particularly meritorious passage occurs in the andante maestoso *p.* 8, *ll.* 3 and 4; and the neat coda into which it verges is ingeniously deduced from the spirit of the original subject.

"*Ah! sure a Pair,*" *a favourite Scotch Air, with six Variations and Coda for the Piano-Forte,* by F. Lanza. Price 2s. 6d.

"Ah! sure a Pair," to say the least, is not inferior in merit to the composition by the same author just mentioned, and is entitled to the same general heads of commendation. Individually speaking, the 5th variation has our decided predilection;

Plate 26. Vol. 8.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

No. 46 of R. ACKERMANN'S REPOSITORY of ARTS &c. Pub. 1 Oct. 1812 at 101 Strand London.

MORNING COSTUME.

No. 46 of R. ACKERMANN'S REPOSITORY of ARTS &c. Pub. Oct. 1 1822 at 101 Strand London

it is an excellent specimen of Mr. L.'s talents and sterling science. The third, with its numerous dimisemiquaver rests, possesses much attractive neatness; and the 1st and 2d are flowing and elegant. In the 6th, page 8, we observe some well introduced crossed-hand leaps; and the two cadences *p*. 9, with the sostenuto passage following upon them, are conceived with taste. This piece, like the preceding, requires a performer already considerably advanced in skill.

A Fourth Set of Six Waltzes for the Piano-Forte, in which are introduced several favourite Airs, composed, and dedicated to Miss Devall, by P. A. Kreusser. Op. 23. Pr. 5s.

In two or three of our former numbers we have offered to the notice of our readers some of Mr. K.'s works, highly distinguished by their depth of harmonic science and the originality of their ideas. At present, we have to introduce the same author in a very different garb; a line as light and pretty as the other was serious and abstruse. These Waltzes are completely conceived in the spirit of that favourite German movement, elegant, sprightly, void of studied passages or harmony, and indeed eminently calculated for the practical execution of either the hands or feet. As they are set remarkably easy, we would strenuously recommend them to beginners. They will play them with ease, and their musical ear will readily seize the turn of the different short phrases they are composed of. We are well acquainted with the three first Sets of Mr. Kreusser's Waltzes, and can aver that the present addition falls in no way short of its predecessors.

*** *The Editor has to apologize to the Conductor of the Musical Review, for having, from want of room, omitted several articles prepared for the Musical Catalogue of this month.*

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 26.--PROMENADE COSTUME.

A PLAIN muslin robe, finished at the bottom with a border of needle-work, long full sleeves, and formed high in the neck, with simple collar, confined in the center of the throat with a topaz broach, and buttoned down the bosom; an amber-coloured sash, tied in irregular bows and ends in front of the figure. A rosary and cross of the coquilla nut. A lappelled cloak, of bright amber or yellow crape, faced with satin, and edged with fluted ribband of the same colour. A Wellington hat of straw, trimmed with white ribband. Gloves and shoes of yellow kid.

PLATE 27.--AUTUMNAL CARRIAGE OR MORNING COSTUME.

A plain jaconot muslin robe, formed high in the neck, with double frills of deep vandyke lace. A grey satin spencer, ornamented with silver cord and buttons *en militaire*, and confined at the throat with a correspondent cord and tassels; the spencer formed without a collar, and the double frill of the morning robe falling over. A quartered foundling cap of lace, confined with a full band of the same under the chin, and ornamented on one side with an autumnal flower. Shoes of grey kid; gloves, lemon colour; and ridicule of purple velvet.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

SPANISH PENINSULA.

Anglo-Portuguese Army.

NOTHING can prove more strongly and incontrovertibly the magnitude of the glorious victory gained at Salamanca on the 22d of July, than the momentous consequences which have been the immediate result of it—the entrance of the British army into Madrid, and the raising of the siege of Cadiz.

Our last report left Lord Wellington's head-quarters at Olmeda, on the 28th July. The French, panic struck by their recent defeat, and his lordship's rapid pursuit, continued their flight; and on the 29th, their rear-guard crossed the Douro at Trudella, moving northward to join the body of their army, which had marched towards Burgos, abandoning Valladolid, and leaving behind 17 pieces of cannon, considerable stores of ammunition, and a hospital with 800 sick. On the 31st, Lord Wellington entered the latter city, amid the shouts of its grateful inhabitants, who (prematurely as will appear) hailed his arrival as the earnest of their final deliverance from the French yoke.

In the mean time, Joseph Bonaparte had again moved forward from the Guadarama pass to Segovia, with an evident view to effect a junction with the French army of Portugal, commanded by General Clausel since the wound Marmont had received on the 22d, which, according to the most credible reports, did not prove mortal, but required the amputation of an arm. To frustrate Joseph's design, our general pushed his army still further east, and on the 4th of August had his head-quarters at Cuellar, right between the two French armies. This movement induced the royal usurper to give up all hopes of effecting his purpose; he once more retreated from Segovia, in the direction of Madrid.

Lord Wellington, upon this, resolved to leave the army of Portugal, crippled as it was, to its fate north of the Douro, and either to bring Joseph to a general action, or force him to quit Madrid. Accordingly the army moved from Cuellar on the 6th, and entered, without opposition, Segovia on the 7th, and St. Ildefonso on the 8th. General D'Urban, with the Portuguese and some German cavalry, a troop of English horse artillery, and a battallion of German light infantry, was sent forward on the 9th through the Guadarama pass. In his further progress towards Madrid, he drove in the French cavalry, about 2000 in number, who retired towards Naval Carnero; and placed himself at Majalahonda. But in the evening of the same day, the French cavalry returned again, and General D'Urban forming his corps for action, ordered the allied cavalry to charge the van of the French horse, which appeared to be too far advanced to be supported by their main body. Unfortunately, the Portuguese cavalry turned about before they had reached their foe, and fled through Majalahonda, leaving our horse artillery exposed to the enemy. By the exertions, however, of Captain M'Donald, the artillery was saved, excepting three

guns, the carriages of which had been overturned or broken. The Portuguese cavalry was formed again upon their brave allies, the Hanoverian horse, who charged the enemy under great disadvantages, and thereby gained time for the arrival of reinforcements, which finally chased the enemy out of the village, and recovered our lost guns. As this is the first instance in which any part of our Portuguese allies have deceived the expectations of their commander, we will not judge harshly of their unaccountable conduct on this occasion, in which the gallant behaviour of their officers earned the praise of our general: it happens sometimes in military events, that the best troops are, by a trifling circumstance, or by the cowardice of a few individuals, thrown into a panic which they themselves are at a loss how to account for. After the affair of Majalahonda, in which we naturally met with some loss (about 100 men *hors de combat*), the enemy retired towards Aranjuez and Toledo, leaving the road to Madrid open, and a garrison in the Retiro, a citadel of French construction, commanding Madrid. On the 13th our troops entered Madrid, greeted by the shouts of its numerous population, which had been oppressed by French tyranny ever since the 4th of December, 1808. On the same evening the Retiro was invested, and the attack commenced the next day, when the garrison surrendered prisoners by capitulation, to the number of 2506 men, including 451 in hospital. We found in the place, 2 eagles, 189 pieces of brass ordnance in excellent condition, 900 barrels of powder, 20,000 stand of arms, and immense magazines of clothing, ammunition, and provisions. Shortly after this, the garrison of Guadalaxara (700 men) capitulated on the same terms to the Empecinado, whose corps accompanied the march of the British army to the capital; and Toledo has been taken possession of by El Medico, another guerilla chief. The fugitive king, after hovering some days about Toledo, Aranjuez, and Ocana, in indecision whither to turn, broke up with his army towards Valencia, to join Suchet.

During Lord Wellington's operations against Madrid, the French army of Portugal seems to have sufficiently recovered to undertake a bold and rapid excursion along the north of the Douro, westward as far as Astorga. In the latter place, as well as in Zamora, Toro, and Tordesillas, they had in their flight left behind considerable garrisons, which, now that they felt a little more at ease, the French general resolved to recover. It does not exactly appear by the published portion of Lord Wellington's reports, what number of British troops his lordship left behind under Gen. Clinton, to cover his rear, as well as the country about Valladolid. All we have been able to ascertain is, that our troops were principally stationed at Cuellar, south of the Douro, not a man on the northern banks, the observation of which, together with the protection of Valladolid, was assigned to the Galician army under Gen. Santocildes. This disposition, allowing for the broken state of the French force, and supposing the Galician corps ever so much to be depended upon,

seems to us to have been insufficient. Accordingly, on the 12th Aug. the enemy advanced with about 7000 infantry and 1500 cavalry, from Palencia towards Valladolid, which was only occupied by one batallion. General Santocildes, on their approach, retired out of harm's way. The garrison of Tordesillas had fortunately capitulated on the 7th; but in his further progress, the enemy recovered their garrison at Toro, the siege of which had been previously abandoned, and moved towards Astorga: at Benevente their cavalry came up with, and occasioned some loss to the Galician army; but on reaching La Blaneza, within a few leagues of Astorga, they heard that the garrison of the latter place (1200 men strong) had just surrendered; and in consequence turned about to Zamora, the garrison of which they likewise relieved, and then returned unmolested along the Douro to Valladolid, which city the latest accounts report still in their possession.

This expedition does the enemy credit; and, if we may hazard an opinion upon the limited extent of our information, although Lord Wellington states that he expected the movement, there appears to us to have been means sufficient at our disposal to have prevented it at first, or when it had taken place, to have cut off the return of this flying corps by the road of Valladolid at least. Indeed, were it not for the unbounded confidence which the transcendent military talents of our commander have raised in our breast, we should, however important the possession of Madrid *(supposing it eventually secure and permanent,* WHICH WE QUESTION,) may be, have entertained some doubts as to which of the two lines of operation was to be deemed the most eligible; the road to Madrid, in pursuit of Joseph's 5 or 6000 French and a parcel of Juramentados, or the continued pursuit of the remains of Marmont's army, pushing them as far north-east upon the Pyrenees as possible, forming a junction on one side with the corps of Mendizabel, Longa, Renovales, and Porlier in Biscay, and on the other, with that of Mina in Navarre; and by these means not leaving behind the nucleus as it were of an army, to be easily reformed by reinforcements to be drawn from France, and, as is reported, actually in march under Massena.

The junction with, and support of the corps of the different above-mentioned chiefs in Biscay, would have been an object the more desirable, as, from the recent official reports of Colonel Carrol, they have proved themselves composed of different mettle from what we have observed in the Galician troops. The French evacuated Bilboa on the 11th August; but on the 13th, returned again, to the number of 3000, under General Rouget, to attack that city. A sharp affair ensued on the 14th, between Bilboa and Zornosa, in which Renovales and Porlier defeated the French, compelled them to retreat precipitately, and advanced themselves as far as the latter town. On the 21st, Rouget once more appeared with the same design and with additional troops. A more obstinate and sanguinary conflict took place on the 22d, nearly on the same ground, in which the Spaniards, even to the peasant levies, performed prodigies of valour, gained a complete vic-

tory, and drove Rouget to the very gates of Durango. We are, however, not without apprehensions, that so near to France and to the army of Portugal (at present unemployed), the French will have it in their power to return again and again to the charge with such overwhelming numbers, as to render all the bravery of the Spanish divisions in Biscay unavailing, and ultimately to regain possession of the important post of Bilboa.

EAST OF SPAIN.

Battle of Castella, 21st July.

Under this head we have to record a deplorable and disgraceful defeat of the Murcian army under General O'Donnel. Whether it was in expectation of a co-operation of the British expedition, or with what particular design, we know not, that army for the first time put itself in motion in the middle of July, being joined by the division from Alicant under Colonel Roche, and advanced towards the Xucar. At and about Castella they were met by a division of Suchet's army under General Harispe, on the 21st of July, and completely beaten and routed, with the exception of Colonel Roche's division, which retreated with order and under less severe loss upon Alicant. According to the official accounts laid before the Cortes, the loss of the Spaniards in this battle was as follows: — Killed 399, wounded 454, prisoners 2865, totals whose disproportion of itself bespeaks the inefficient resistance made by our allies. This defeat has caused great sensation and debates in the assembly of the Cortes. O'Donnel has been removed from his command, and replaced by General Elio, whose resolute conduct at Montevideo promises better dispositions.

Why such a combined, or rather ill - combined, movement should have been undertaken before the arrival of the British expedition from Mahon, we are at a loss to conceive; for the statement of Suchet, that that expedition was on the 21st July off Cullera, near the mouth of the Xucar, is probably incorrect, or at least what he took for the expedition must have been but an inconsiderable part of it. The movements of that armament altogether, from its arrival at Minorca in the latter part of June, are involved in considerable and mysterious obscurity. All we know of it is, that it ultimately sailed from that island at the latter end of July; that after having made demonstration off the coast of Catalonia, it hauled its wind, steered south-west, and landed at Alicant on the 10th August, under General Maitland, who has reported his arrival officially to Lord Wellington at Madrid.

In Catalonia, where principally the French were expecting the British expedition, the capture of the strong position of the convent of Montserrat on the 28th July, by a corps sent from Barcelona, is stated by the French papers. The Spaniards appear to have defended themselves obstinately, especially in the fort of Dimas; but, in spite of their resistance, the enemy successively possessed himself of all the eminences, and by reaching a point which commanded the fort, forced the garrison, consisting of about 260 men, including our active countryman Colonel Green, to surrender prisoners of war.

SOUTH OF SPAIN.

Raising of the Siege of Cadiz.

Our last report left General Ballasteros in a critical situation. His activity, however, and the energy of his mind, have not only extricated him completely, but brought him back with laurels. He marched a division of his troops northward, entered Ossuna by surprise, whose garrison and governor were roused from sleep by Spanish bayonets. The loss of the enemy was great, the governor and many of his men killed, 300 prisoners, 600 mules, and 300 horses taken. By this bold manœuvre he re-opened his communication with Gibraltar, and returned to Ximenez on the 8th August. His skilful retreat, no doubt, was favoured by the debarkation of 3000 men under General Cruz at Tariffa.

Another expedition of Spaniards, under Count Penne Villamur and Morillo, and of British troops under Colonel Skerrett, was sent westward from Cadiz, landed at Huelva on the 12th, and took possession of Niebla on the 14th, the garrison of which had retired at the approach of the allies, leaving their guns spiked in the castle.

On the 17th of August Soult began evacuating Seville, and from that day to the 21st the French army successively marched off on the road towards Cordova; and in the night between the 24th and 25th, and the 25th in the morning, the siege, or rather blockade of Cadiz, was likewise abandoned, the enemy withdrawing in the direction of Seville. On the 26th the garrison of Cadiz, after being shut up ever since the 6th of February, 1810, took possession of the French lines and forts, which blew up one after another, and of the numerous artillery and stores which the French had left behind, partly destroyed and partly entire. At Seville, Soult left all his magazines and sick, recommending both to the care of the inhabitants, whom he *consoled* by the assurance of a speedy return, the moment he should have avenged the misfortunes of his countrymen in the north.

From General Hill's army we have no event of importance to report. He was at Zafra as late as the 24th of August; but would no doubt follow the movement of Soult's army in a parallel direction. Events of the greatest importance must now necessarily take place in a short space of time, and we cannot conceal our apprehensions in regard to the safety of Madrid, when Soult shall have brought up his army in that direction.

SPANISH COLONIES.

The cause of the mother country has gained strength in the Caraccas ever since the destructive earthquake. The government force has retaken Valencia, and General Miranda, in his attempt to dispossess them of it, has been completely routed. Porto-Cavallo, likewise, has surrendered to Gen. Monteverd, after an engagement of eight hours, in which the insurgent Gen. Bolivar was defeated, and compelled to fly to La Guira.

The warfare between the insurgent junta of Buenos Ayres and the city of Montevideo still continues to a certain degree; but recent accounts state the probability of its

ceasing as soon as the Portuguese force shall have evacuated the Spanish territory, according to orders which are said to have been dispatched from Rio Janeiro.

In Mexico the interests of the insurgents appear to be daily declining. In the neighbourhood of Vera-Cruz their army sustained a complete defeat by the royalists, by which the communication between that city and Mexico was restored, and in consequence of which their commercial intercourse, which had been in a languishing state, has revived.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The intelligence we have to communicate under this head is, we regret to say, of any but a pacific nature. In consequence of the declaration of war, Mr. Foster, our minister, has quitted America and arrived in England. Subsequently to his departure, the Gleaner ketch, which carried out the notification of the revocation of the Orders in Council, had arrived at New-York; and it has just returned from thence, without bringing any intelligence as to the effect which that conciliatory measure on our part has had upon the councils of the United States, who, if report is to be believed, are not likely to rest satisfied with that concession alone.

In the mean time active warfare has been commenced on the other side of the Atlantic. The American frigates and privateers have made many captures of British vessels, and our cruizers at home and in the neighbouring seas, as well as the squadron under Admiral Sawyer in Nova Scotia, have not been behind hand in retaliating upon our, we hope temporary, opponents, so much so that the balance of commercial loss thus far is probably against them.

By land, too, hostilities have been entered upon on the part of America. An American force, composed of the militia of the neighbouring states, under the command of General Hull, passed the river St. Lawrence on the night of the 11th July at the town of Sandwich, two miles below Detroit, the British outposts having been withdrawn before. On the 13th the standard of the United States was erected in Canada, and a proclamation published, inviting the Canadian militia to retire to their homes, and promising friendly treatment to the inhabitants on condition of neutrality. Considerable fear seems to be entertained of the Indians joining our cause, and the proclamation declares, that in that event no quarter will be given. The next operation is intended upon Fort Malden, a work of considerable strength. From all we can collect, the war with England is unpopular with the majority of the respectable part of the American population, especially at Boston and the northern states, who already have been, and are likely hereafter to be, the greatest sufferers from it. Very strong resolutions have been passed against it by various meetings in the country; and at Baltimore a serious and sanguinary riot has taken place, greatly resembling the outrageous proceedings of the Parisian Jacobins twenty years ago. The friends of the editor of the *Federal Republican*, consisting of about thirty persons of the highest character and respectability, having fled for security to

the town gaol, were dragged out by an infuriated mob, and cruelly maltreated with clubs and knives, General Lingan killed, and General Lee with many others desperately wounded (28th July).

RUSSIA AND NORTH OF EUROPE.

Bonaparte is penetrating with rapid strides into the heart of the Russian empire; and if he meet with no more energetic resistance than hitherto, our next retrospect will certainly report him at Moscow. To render the various and complicated movements of his immense forces more distinctly intelligible, we shall divide our narrative into three heads, according to the three chief quarters which have at one and the same time been the scene of action; *viz.* first, the operations of the *principal French* army, commanded by Bonaparte in person, advancing in the direction of Moscow; secondly, the events that occurred in the rear of his left flank along the line of the Dwina; and, thirdly, the warfare in the rear of his right flank about Slonim, and in the palatinate of Novogrodeck.

Principal French Army.

On the 25th, 26th, and 27th July, a part of the Russian army maintained a series of sanguinary combats with some of the French divisions, whom they attacked at Ostrovno; the Russians maintained the field, and on the 28th both armies would probably have fought a general battle, but for the news arriving of the failure of Bagrathion to effect his junction by the way of Mohilow, where he attacked Davoust on the 23d, but, in spite of his most vigorous efforts, found it impossible to penetrate, and crossed the Borysthenes at Bickov, taking the road to Smolensk, where it was now agreed that the two armies should ultimately join. This arrangement induced the army of General Barclay de Tolly to leave Witepsk, and Bonaparte entered the town on the 28th. It being now no longer possible to impede the junction of the two Russian armies, Bonaparte established his head-quarters at Witepsk, where it continued for a fortnight, while he ordered the troops into "quarters of refreshment," reviewed and recompleted successively the different corps, and sent his brother Jerome back to Cassel, by way of punishment for the ineffectual opposition made by him to the former attacks of Bagrathion's army.

While the French head-quarters remained at Witepsk, General Sebastiani's corps, which had been considerably in advance, was attacked and defeated by Platoff's cavalry. At Smolensk the long-desired junction at length took place, and our hopes became sanguine that now the French invader would have to feel the combined weight of this united mass of the Russian force. On the 12th the French army put itself in motion upon Smolensk, and Davoust crossed the Borysthenes on the 13th, in his operations against that town. At Krasnoy a partial affair occurred, on the 14th, with a Russian corps, which was compelled to yield; and on the 16th the French army arrived in sight of Smolensk, occupied by 30,000 Russians, but not otherwise supported by the bulk of the Moscovite army, although it was close at hand, and although, according to French reports, the situation offered a most advantageous position for a general action.

The town was bombarded and set on fire on the 17th, and the suburbs attacked, but valiantly defended by the garrison; but the town being completely in flames, was evacuated in the night of the 18th. In this desperate conflict the French acknowledge the loss of 4000 men killed and wounded, General Grabouski among the former; while that of the Russians is stated by *them* at 13,000 killed and wounded, and 2000 prisoners.

The next day (19th) another battle took place with the Russian rear-guard, near Valentina, contested with equal obstinacy; since the loss the French acknowledge therein amounts to 3200 men *hors de combât*, including Gen. Gudin killed.

After this, the Russians seem, according to the French accounts, to have continued their retreat on Moscow; and the 15th French bulletin, which is dated 27th August, from Slawkovo, about 100 miles east of Smolensk, states the advanced guard to be close to Wiasma, a town which we reckon about 130 miles on this side of Moscow.

It is true the preceding details, as far back as the 12th of August, are, in default of Russian reports, selected from the French bulletins, and will of course be found greatly exaggerated; but the map before us affords a lamentable proof of at least their topical correctness, and lowers considerably our hopes of a successful termination of the present campaign.

Occurrences along the Dwina.

The left flank of the army, under Bonaparte's immediate orders, is secured by two distinct inferior armies, one under Macdonald, comprising the Prussian auxiliaries, near the mouth of the Dwina; and another under Oudinot, higher up the river, towards the Drissa: the former having for its opponent the fortress of Riga and its garrison; and the latter the Russian General Count Wittgenstein, who, on the march of the main army under Barclay de Tolly, was entrusted with the command of a separate army, to cover the road to Petersburg.

Of Macdonald's army we have to relate no action of importance, except one fought, the 19th July, on the Ekau, in Courland, between the Russians and the Prussians under General Grawert, who, after much bloodshed, succeeded, by a vast superiority of numbers, in forcing the Russians upon, and ultimately across the Dwina. Since that time Macdonald's army seems to have had full occupation in keeping in check the garrison of Riga, which is numerous, is commanded by the energetic General Essen, and is well assisted by a British flotilla under Admiral Martin. Dunaborg, which was evacuated by the Russians, appears to have been entered by some of Macdonald's troops.

The army of Oudinot, thanks to the activity of Count Wittgenstein, has had more arduous employment. By a bold march upon Sebesch, the French chief intended to cut off Wittgenstein from the road to Petersburg, and place him between his army and that of Macdonald; but the brave German, anticipating Oudinot's design, attacked him on the 30th July. The battle was continued the 31st and 1st August, and a complete victory obtained over the enemy, whose loss, besides killed and wounded, amounted to 3000

prisoners, two pieces of cannon, and a vast quantity of baggage and ammunition.

After this reverse, Oudinot, reinforced by the Bavarian division under General Wrede, and the Wurtemberg division, once more advanced upon the count, who had directed his march down the Dwina against Macdonald. As soon as the Russian commander heard of Oudinot's movement, he faced about, came up with, attacked and defeated him, on the 10th August, at Kochanow, with considerable loss in killed, and 250 prisoners.

A series of far more murderous conflicts, however, took place next between the same parties, near to Polotsk, on the 15th, 16th, and especially the 17th, in which Oudinot himself was severely wounded, as also General Verdier, and the Bavarian General Deroy, whose division had also come to the assistance of the French. On the latter day, the victorious Russian troops had pursued their enemy into the very streets of Polotz, fighting in the town till night put an end to the combat, and retiring from it with two lieutenant-colonels, 15 officers, and 500 men, as their prisoners. General Gouvion St. Cyr, assuming the command of the French, is, in *their* reports, stated to have renewed the combat the next day (18th), and to have repelled Count Wittgenstein to the distance of *two leagues*.

Operations in the Vicinity of Slonim and Novogrodeck.

A Russian force under General Tormasoff having collected from Volhynia, and threatened the duchy of Warsaw, Bonaparte sent back General Regnier to Slonim, in order to watch that point. But Tormasoff was beforehand with him, and fell, on the 27th, at Kobryn, upon his advanced guard, composed of Saxons under General Klingel, who, after the loss of many men, was compelled to surrender himself and the remnant of his corps, consisting of 66 officers and 2234 men, prisoners of war.

Upon this serious reverse, Bonaparte sent his Austrian auxiliaries to restore matters, and gave to Prince Schwarzenberg, their general, the command in chief of the whole force in that quarter, including the troops under Regnier. This army, so augmented, began its operations soon after, and came into contact with Tormasoff's corps on the 10th August, on which day and the 11th, a severe contest ensued at and about Horodeczna, so much to the disadvantage of the Russians, now in their turn inferior in number, that they were compelled to retire beyond Kobryn, with considerable loss, but in the best order. The Russian army which served on the Danube against the Turks, is destined to act in conjunction with General Tormasoff, and has, according to unauthenticated reports, actually joined him. If so, a third army will thereby be formed on the side of Volhynia, equal in numbers to either of the two great Russian armies, and capable of operating an important change in the aspect of the war, by advancing directly in the rear of Bonaparte's line of operations.

Here we shall remark, by the way, that Mr. Liston, our minister at the Porte, arrived in Constantinople on the 28th June, and was received with the attention and re-

spect due to the sovereign he represents.

SWEDEN AND DENMARK.

The long-desired co-operation of the former country in the northern war is still delayed, owing, as it is stated, to the question of the extent of the British subsidies to be received, not being definitively settled. The Swedish diet at Orebro was closed on the 18th of August, and from the farewell addresses of both the King and the Crown-prince to the states, we are not justified in considering the armament of the new levies intended for any purpose beyond that of putting the kingdom into a state of defence, to enforce respect from the neighbouring states. Denmark also is arming, but whether it be in concert with Sweden, or out of a dread of the possibility of an attack from the latter power against Zealand, we know not.

The interview which has just taken place between the Emperor Alexander and the Crown-prince of Sweden, at Abo, in Finland (27th to 31st August), will probably decide the line of conduct henceforth to be adopted by the latter. Lord Cathcart attended the important conferences of the two princes, and report states, that his assurance of a large subsidy from Great Britain, has induced the Crown-prince to promise immediate, active, and powerful co-operation on the shores of the Baltic. He was received by the Czar with the highest marks of distinction, and decorated with the orders of St. Andrew, St. Alexander Newski, and St. Anne.

MEDITERRANEAN AND SICILY.

An armament of considerable magnitude, under Admiral Freemantle, with some thousands of troops on board, has sailed from Malta for the Adriatic, and reached Lissa in July. Its destination was kept a profound secret; but to us two points alone appear likely to be in its contemplation: either the reduction of Corfu, or the assistance of the Dalmatians, who, it is known, have risen in powerful and determined insurrection against their oppressors, the French.

The latest intelligence from Sicily has brought advice of a most important revolution effected in that island. The parliament, which had met at Palermo in July last, held its second sitting on the 20th of the same month; when the nobility unanimously resolved, and declared with acclamation, that the feudal system should be abolished; that they would give up all their privileges; and that the peasantry and themselves should equally enjoy the same laws. They further pronounced the Sicilian constitution decayed, and passed a number of resolutions, which may be regarded as the outline of a new constitution quite similar to that of Great Britain. Their parliament is to be divided into two chambers, of lords and clergy, and of commons; to be exclusively vested with the power of making laws and raising taxes: the executive power is to rest with the king; the administration of justice to be conducted by magistrates independent of the crown, and appointed for life, &c. In addition to these proceedings, the parliament declared itself permanent until the constitution should be formed; and Lord W. Bentinck is reported to have been appointed lord chancellor.—The queen, who had hoped for a re-establishment of her authority, came

to Palermo the next morning; but on hearing of the great change that had taken place, she immediately returned in disgust to the country.

This revolution, brought about without violence, and by the nobility themselves, who probably are the greatest losers by it, holds out the brightest prospects of amelioration to a country which once was opulent and powerful, and which bids fair to recover thereby its former importance, and to form, by its alliance with Great Britain, a momentous accession of strength to our own empire. May the nations of enslaved Europe take an example from the fate of Portugal, of Spain, and of Sicily, and reflect, that the fostering arm of England, the sheet-anchor of the liberty of the world, is alone capable of restoring them from their degradation and oppression to the happiness they enjoyed before. Let the events before their eyes teach them, that while the touch of Gallic embrace, like the poison-tree, spreads its destructive blast in every direction, the powerful, but mild and beneficent protection of England, like vernal sunshine, sheds genial warmth and prosperity over the existence of millions of their more fortunate fellow-beings.

Plate 25.—DESIGN FOR A VERANDAH.

The engraving which accompanies this article, represents a verandah adapted to a balcony, as an useful and ornamental appendage to a London dwelling. No decorations have so successfully varied the dull sameness of modern structures in the metropolis, as the *verandah*, the *lengthened window*, and the *balcony;* they have produced an intrinsic elegance, and have done much to overcome the architectural prejudice supported in this country by the students of Alberti, Palladio, and the enthusiasts of every thing Italian in design, who very unphilosophically adopted the proportion of windows applicable to a clear and warm climate, in one not quite so liable to the troublesome effects of light and heat. The verandah would long ago have taken a substantial and architectural character, but that an act of parliament is more than impliedly fatal to the erection of them in streets and squares; but the magistrates, and indeed the surveyors of the districts, with much good sense, have hitherto permitted them to be projected in the light manner in which this design bespeaks them to be executed. They are sometimes made of metal in this character, and it would be incongruous to give them a more solid appearance, where a seemingly adequate support could not be erected from beneath. It is not improbable, that at some future day the verandah and piazza will form a considerable architectural beauty in this metropolis, and that they will be constructed in a way suitable to the nature of our climate.—No colour is so proper for this sort of verandah as the bronze, as it assumes a substantial, though light appearance: every other colour bespeaks it of wooden construction,

PATTERNS for NEEDLEWORK.

No. 46, of R. Ackermann's Repository of Arts 101, Pub. Oct. 1, 1812, at 101, Strand London.

and is offensive to the eye of taste. The Verandah is of Eastern and of very ancient origin.

The balcony, which is an essential part of this verandah, is so called from the French, *balcon*. Amongst the ancients a railing of protection was called *balustrum;* by the French, *balustre;* by ourselves, *balluster;* and by corruption, *bannister*. Notwithstanding the ornamental elegance of the balcony, some objections have been made to the erection of them in London. It is reported, that Mr. John Bannister, being ignorant of this law of the higher powers, projected a balcony, or gallery as it is now called, from the front of his house in Gower-street. A committee of remonstrance immediately waited upon him, with the provoking information, that it would be very proper to take it down again, as none were permitted in that street; assuring him, that it stood in jeopardy from an act of parliament called the Building Act.—"Gentlemen," said the intelligent humourist, "I am unacquainted with acts of parliament, and all other acts, except, indeed, the five acts of a play; and after so many flattering marks of public approbation, I am shocked at last to learn that there is any act so fatal to the *Bannisters*." The matter was urged no further—it is at this moment the only gallery in Gower-street.

The engraving is from a design by Mr. John Papworth, the architect.

MEDICAL REPORT.

An account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of August to the 15th of September, 1812.

Acute diseases.—Phrenitis, 1....Scarlet fever and sore-throat, 2....Measles, 1....Small-pox, 1...Erysipelas, 2...Fever, 2...Croup, 1....Cholera, 2....Acute rheumatism, 2...Acute diseases of infants, 4.

Chronic diseases. —Asthma, 9....Marasmus, 1...Pulmonary consumption, 1...Cough and Dyspnœa, 13...Asthma, 1...Pleurodyne, 1...Cephalalgia, 2...Hydrocephalus, 1...Paralysis, 1....Dropsy, 3...Dyspepsia, 9....Gastrodynia, 8....Enterodynia, 1.....Diarrhœa, 3....Worms, 2....Cutaneous affections, 3...Chronic rheumatism, 6...Rheumatic gout, 1...Jaundice, 1...Female complaints, 4.

The number of acute diseases in our present list is not great. A few bowel complaints have occurred, but with less severity than is often the case at this season of the year. The rheumatic affections also have been slight. In one instance of acute rheumatism, the utility of sudorifics was very evident. The patient was apprehensive of the complaint affecting the stomach, having on a former occasion suffered severely from cramp or spasm in that organ during an attack of rheumatism. She, therefore, applied for advice on the first accession of the disease, and presently experienced great relief from a saline medicine, with Dover's powder, due attention being paid to the state of the bowels.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

No harvest for many years has been better secured, or more productive. The dry, warm weather through the whole of last month, has greatly facilitated the labours of the field. The new wheats yield well, and the grain is of prime quality, full of farina, and covered with a thin skin, and consequently produces a very small portion of bran, when compared with the wheat of last year.—Barley has risen heavy to the cart, considering the great bulk of straw. The corn

is of a strong malting quality, but not so fine on the skin as in some preceding years. It handles warm, but rather rough in the feel. The yield to the acre is expected to be more than an average crop. —Oats are of a strong quality, and great yield.—Beans, peas, and the whole of the leguminous tribe, are of prime quality, perfectly free from the grub, and contain but a very small proportion of abortive kids, from which they will be more productive than for many years. The straw is large, and being well harvested, will produce a large store of winter food for the farm-yard.—The lattermath clovers have headed well, and promise a good crop of seed if the weather continues favourable.

Plates 23 and 24.—FIGURES FOR LANDSCAPES.

It has been suggested to the proprietor of the *Repository*, a work principally dedicated to the service of the ladies, that it might be acceptable to his subscribers, many of whom practise the elegant art of drawing, if a plate were to be introduced in each number for the advancement of the study thereof.

In deference to this suggestion, he has made an arrangement for that purpose, and commences this month with groups of figures for the embellishment of landscape scenery, which he presumes will be found useful, not only for that purpose, but as they will be etched from the life, may serve as lessons for the young student to enlarge with chalk, or lead-pencils, which will afford good practice, and lead to the power of drawing similar groups from nature.

The subjects will comprise groups of horses, sheep, oxen, carts, waggons, boats, and every accompaniment for landscape, river, and sea-coast views. A series of coloured plates of landscape and cottage scenery will also be introduced, in imitation of the most admired works of Glover, Nicholson, Pyne, Chalon, Hills, Dewint, Samuel, Pugin, Turner, Reinagle, and other eminent professors of painting in water-colours; with an essay upon drawing, including observations on the processes of the various masters. Such a plan it is hoped will meet the favour of his subscribers, as it is intended not only to afford amusement to such as may be advanced in the art of drawing, but instruction to those whose residence in remote parts of the country may preclude them from the advantages resulting from the attendance of a professional teacher.

The figures in the accompanying plates represent groups of gleaners and shepherds. The gleaners may be appropriated to the embellishment of various landscape subjects, either in a field, in a lane, or immediately before a cottage; for being attired in the rustic costume, they will suit any picture of the common pastoral character. The same groups, by a trifling variation of their employments, may be made subservient to a picture representing any season of the year. If a winter scene, bundles of sticks may be substituted for the corn. The practice of appropriating figures by variations thus simple, affords to artists the readiest means for composition. The groups of shepherds, by similar variations, as leaving out their crooks, or by substituting some other rural appendage, may be made to serve for the embellishment of various scenes, either as travellers upon a road, or the same reposing upon the banks of a green lane, or other sequestered spot.

FIGURES FOR LANDSCAPES

No. 46 of R. ACKERMANN'S Repository of Arts &c. Pub. 1 Oct. 1812, at 101, Strand

FIGURES FOR LANDSCAPES

No. 46 of R. ACKERMANN's Repository of Arts, &c. Pub. 1 Oct. 1812, at 101 Strand.

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from August 31 to Sept. 5.

TOTAL, 5,352 quarters.—Average, 136s. 3d. per quarter, or 6s. 2½d. per quarter lower than last return.

Return of Flour from September 5 to 11.

TOTAL, 14,463 sacks.—Average, 119s. 6¼d. per sack, or 4s. 0¼d. per sack higher than last return.

Average of England and Wales, September 12.

	s	d		s	d		s	d
Wheat	141	2	Barley	74	1	Beans	80	2
Rye	87	9	Oats	58	3	Pease	75	1

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	s.	s.
Wheat white, per quarter	100	120	155
—red	100	115	146
—foreign	100	112	140
Rye	64	68	70
Barley, English	56	60	62
Malt	76	90	96
Oats Feed	56	62	66
—Friezland	—	—	—
—Poland	60	64	70
—Potatoe	65	70	73
Beans, Pigeon	94	96	98
—Horse	—	—	—
Pease, Boiling	60	70	80
—Grey	60	70	78
Flour per sack	120	—	—
—Seconds	95	100	—
—Scotch	90	105	—

	s.	s.	s.
Tares, per bushel	10	11	13
Turnip	15	18	20
Mustard, brown	32	38	40
—white	25	28	33
Canary, per qr.	86	95	105
Hempseed	48	52	54
Linseed	75	95	110
Clover, red, per cwt.	50	75	88
—white	75	92	110
—foreign, red	52	80	90
—white	84	100	112
Trefoil	13	39	54
Carraway	70	70	78
Coriander	44	46	48

American Flour —s a —s per barrel of 196lbs.
Rapeseed, per last - - - - £58 a £62 a £66
Oil Cakes, per thousand £15. 15s. to £—. 0s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

	s		s
Muscovade, fine	82	a	86
— good	76	a	81
— ordinary	71	a	75
East India, white	82	a	91
— yellow	75	a	81
— brown	71	a	74
MOLASSES 44s. 6d.		a	—s. d.
REFINED SUGAR.			
Double Loaves	124	a	140
Hambro' ditto	104	a	112
Powder ditto	103	a	112
Single ditto	100	a	108
Canary Lumps	100	a	108
Large ditto	96	a	99
Bastards, whole	73	a	76
— faces	80	a	84
— middles	76	a	79
— tips	73	a	75
GINGER.			
Jamaica, white	82	a	200
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a	80
— black	70	a	75
RICE, *Bonded.*			
Carolina	24	a	26
Brazil	26	a	28

COFFEE, *Bonded.*

	s	d		s	d
Dominica, Surinam, &c.					
Fine	75	0	a	85	0
Good	70	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	67	0	a	69	0
Triage	30	0	a	50	0
Jamaica.					
Fine	75	0	a	85	0
Good	60	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	40	0	a	59	0
Triage	20	0	a	39	0
Mocha	300	0	a	600	0
Bourbon	90	0	a	120	0
St. Domingo	60	0	a	70	0
Java	90	0	a	100	0
COCOA, *Bonded.*					
Trinidad and Carraccas	90	0	a	100	0
Plantation	65	0	a	80	0
SPICES and PEPPER, per lb.					
Nutmegs	18	0	a	24	0
Cloves	10	0	a	10	6
Cinnamon	10	6	a	11	6
Mace	36	0	a	42	0
Pepp. white	5	3	a	—	0
— black	2	5	a	2	6
Pimento	2	0	a	—	6

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 46s. 8¾d.

We have had a steady demand for sugars this month, with very little variation in price.

HOPS in the Borough.

BAGS	£	s		£	s	POCKETS	£	s		£	s
Kent	5	15	a	8	0	Kent	6	12	a	10	15
Sussex	5	5	a	7	12	Sussex	6	0	a	9	12
Essex	0	0	a	0	0	Farnham	7	0	a	12	6

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	Sept.	Wheat. s		s	Barley. s		s	Oats. s		s	Beans. s		s	Peas. s		
Newcastle	12	120	a	160	55	a	72	63	a	64	82	a	88	76	a	84
Northampton	12	120	a	136	70	a	—	60	a	63	80	a	—	—	a	—
Canterbury	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Lewes	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Chesterfield	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Ashborne	12	136	a	156	—	a	—	56	a	60	80	a	88	—	a	—
Guildford	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Gainsboro'	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Louth	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Huntingdon	12	112	a	134	64	a	68	48	a	65	72	a	82	—	a	—
Newark	16	100	a	103	—	a	—	48	a	64	88	a	92	—	a	—
Spilsby	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Reigate	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Devizes	17	100	a	136	58	a	70	54	a	60	82	a	88	—	a	—
Reading	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Swansea	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Henley	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Maidenhead	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Salisbury	15	110	a	124	60	a	70	48	a	60	90	a	96	—	a	—
Penrith	15	141	a	—	59	a	—	62	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Hull	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Basingstoke	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Wakefield	18	120	a	140	63	a	66	—	a	—	86	a	90	—	a	—
Andover	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Warminster	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s	d		s	d
Brandy, Cog.	8	9	a	9	6
— Spanish	5	0	a	5	2
Hollands Gin	8	0	a	8	6
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	a	6	9
— Lew. Isl.	3	8	a	4	6

	s	d		s	d
Mol. Spirits, British	13	10	a	14	0
— Irish	0	0	a	0	0
— Scotch	0	0	a	0	0
Spirits of Wine	24	0	a	0	0

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR AUGUST, 1812.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, *Esq.*

1812. AUG	Wind.	Pressure. Max.	Pressure. Min.	Pressure. Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Temperature. Min.	Temperature. Mean.	Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
1	S 1	29,80	29,78	29,790	66,0°	53,0°	59,50°	fine	—	
2	S 1	29,80	29,78	29,790	71,0	59,0	65,00	fine	—	
3	S 1	29,80	29,75	29,775	72,0	52,0	65,00	gloomy	—	
4	S 1	29,80	29,75	29,775	78,0	51,0	64,50	brilliant	—	
5	N 1	30,10	29,80	29,950	62,0	50,0	56,00	gloomy	—	
6	N 1	30,25	30,00	30,125	63,0	49,0	56,00	fine	—	
● 7	S W 1	30,00	29,95	29,975	63,0	52,0	57,50	gloomy	—	
8	S W 1	30,00	29,95	29,975	61,0	50,0	55,50	gloomy	—	
9	S W 1	30,00	29,98	29,990	66,0	48,0	57,00	brilliant	—	
10	N E 1	30,00	30,00	30,000	62,0	50,0	56,00	gloomy	.960	
11	S 1	30,15	30,00	30,075	63,0	48,0	55,50	gloomy	—	
12	S 1	30,20	30,15	30,175	69,0	47,0	58,00	brilliant	—	
13	N 1	30,27	30,21	30,235	68,0	50,0	59,00	fine	—	
14	S 1	30,27	30,19	30,230	71,0	51,0	61,00	brilliant	—	
☾ 15	S 1	30,27	30,08	30,175	73,0	56,0	64,50	brilliant	—	
16	S 1	30,08	30,05	30,065	66,0	55,0	60,50	gloomy	—	
17	Var. 1	30,10	30,05	30,075	72,0	50,0	61,00	brilliant	—	
18	S W 1	30,05	29,75	29.900	80,0	56,0	68,00	brilliant	—	
19	S 2	29,75	29,45	29,600	73,0	60,0	66,50	brilliant	—	
20	S 1	29,98	29,75	29,865	71,0	56,0	63,50	fine	—	
21	W 2	29,98	29,75	29,855	71,0	57,0	64,00	gloomy	—	
○ 22	N W 1	29,95	29,73	29,890	67,0	54,0	60,50	fine	—	
23	S 1	29,95	29,77	29,860	66,0	54,0	60,00	rainy	—	—
24	N W 1	30,05	29,77	29,910	66,0	54,0	60,00	fine	.970	1,430
25	S 2	30,15	30,08	30,115	70,0	50,0	60,00	fine	—	
26	S W 1	30,08	30,00	30,040	68,0	45,0	56,50	brilliant	—	
27	N W 1	30,15	30,08	30,115	66,0	47,0	56,50	fine	—	
28	N 2	30,25	29,15	30,200	58,0	47,0	52,50	fine	—	
☽ 29	N E 3	30,25	29,25	30,250	63,0	48,0	55,50	fine	—	
30	N E 2	30,30	29,25	30,275	60,0	54,0	57,00	fine	—	
31	N 1	30,27	29,25	30,260	61,0	51,0	56,00	fine	.750	
			Mean	30,010		Mean	59,54		2,680	1,430

RESULTS.

Mean barometrical pressure, 30.010—maximum, 30.27, wind S. 1—minimum, 29.45, wind S. 2—Range .82 of an inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .45 of an inch, which was on the 19th.

Mean temperature, 59°.54 --Maximum, 80° wind S. W. 1—Minimum 47° wind S. 1 --Range 33.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 27°, which was on the 4th.

Spaces described by the barometer, 3,80 inches—Number of changes, 12.

Quantity of water evaporated from a surface of water, exposed to the action of the sun's rays and wind, 2.680 inches.

Rain, &c. this month, 1.430 inches.—Number of wet days, 1.—Total rain this year, 28.380 in.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
5	3	0	0	13	5	1	3	1	0

Brisk winds 1—Boisterous ones 0.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for SEPTEMBER, 1812.

Albion Fire and Life Ass.	£48	per. sh.
Globe	108	do.
Royal Exchange	270	do.
London Dock	108	pr. cent.
West India Ditto	148 a 149	do.
Chelsea Water Works	14 10s	per share.
East London Ditto	80	do.
Kent Ditto	58	do
West Middlesex Ditto	45	do.
Grand Junction Canal	207 a 210	do.
Birmingham Canal	585 a 590	do.
Huddersfield Ditto	20	do.
Kennet and Avon Canal	£25 10s	per sh.
Lancaster Ditto	23	do.
Rochdale Ditto	39	do.
Monmouthshire Ditto	105	do.
Grand Trunk	1070	do.
Wilts and Berks	19 10s,	do.
Leicester	215	do.
London Institution	75 gs.	do.
Surry Ditto	£15	do.
Russell Ditto	18 gs.	do.
Commercial Road	£ 110	do.

WOLFE & Co. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill, & FORTUNE & Co. 13, Cornhill.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR AUGUST, 1812.

Conducted by Mr. J. Gibson, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1812	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
AUG.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	Var.	29,86	29,80	29,830	64°	55°	59,5°	cloudy	—	—
2	N E	29,86	29,80	29,830	69	55	62,0	cloudy	—	—
3	Var.	29,85	29,80	29,825	69	52	60,5	cloudy	—	—
4	N E	29,90	29,85	29,875	70	52	61,0	rainy	—	.37
5	S W	29,95	29,90	29,925	58	51	54,5	rainy	.29	.27
6	Var.	30,00	29,95	29,975	63	49	56,0	rainy	—	1,39
● 7	N W	30,00	29,95	29,975	64	49	56,5	cloudy	—	
8	N W	29,96	29,94	29,950	58	52	55,0	cloudy	.17	—
9	N W	29,97	29,96	29,965	58	47	52,5	cloudy	—	
10	N W	29,97	29,96	29,965	60	54	57,0	cloudy	—	—
11	Var.	30,07	29,96	30,015	64	50	57,0	cloudy	—	—
12	N E	30,14	30,07	30,105	59	46	52,5	cloudy	.18	
13	N	30,15	30,14	30,145	68	44	56,0	fine	—	
14	N E	30,15	30,12	30,135	69	50	59,5	fine	—	
☾ 15	E	30,12	30,07	30,095	72	52	62,0	fine	—	
16	E	30,06	30,05	30,055	75	57	66,0	fine	.34	—
17	S E	30,05	29,98	30,015	77	54	65,5	fine	—	
18	S E	29,98	29,70	29,870	85	61	73,0	fine	—	
19	S W	29,96	29,76	29,860	77	56	66,5	fine	.56	.08
20	W	30,00	29,98	29,990	76	57	66,5	fine	—	
21	S W	29,97	29,94	29,955	78	59	68,5	cloudy	—	—
○ 22	W	30,05	29,97	30,010	70	56	63,0	fair	—	
23	S W	30,04	29,86	29,950	74	62	68,0	cloudy	.66	—
24	S W	30,10	29,86	29,980	70	49	59,5	fine	—	.14
25	S W	30,10	30,04	30,070	71	53	62,0	fine	—	
26	N W	30,04	29,96	30,000	70	53	61,5	fine	.35	
27	N W	29,99	29,96	29,975	69	51	60,0	cloudy	—	
28	N W	29,99	29,98	29,985	59	48	53,5	loudy	—	—
☽ 29	N W	29,99	29,98	29,985	55	51	53,0	showery	—	.21
30	N	30,04	29,99	30,015	63	53	58,0	showery	—	.38
31	N	30,15	30,04	30,095	62	48	55,0	cloudy	.43	
			Mean	29,981		Mean	60,0	Total	2,98*in.*	2,84*in.*

RESULTS.—Prevailing winds, westerly.—Mean height of barometer, 29,981 inches—thermometer, 60°.— Total of evaporation 2,98 inches. — Rain 2,84 inches—in another guage 2,84 inches.

Notes.—4th. Rainy afternoon.—5th. Rainy morning.—6th. Day gloomy—about four o'clock P. M. a very heavy shower of rain commenced, which continued for about twenty minutes, then abated for a short time—again increased, and continued all the evening, with some thunder and lightning—the quantity of rain which fell amounted to 1,39 inch; at Plaistow (two miles distant) it only measured .41 in.—barometer nearly stationary all the time.—13th. Foggy morning—a stratus on the marshes at night.—14th. Foggy morning.—17th. Foggy morning—a lunar halo at night.—18th. Some lightning during the night.—24th. Clear moonlight night.—28th. Very boisterous night.—30th. Very showery day.

PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols	3 pr. ct. Red.	4 pr. ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr. ct.	Long Ann.	Omnium	Impl. 3 pr. ct.	Impl. Anns.	Irish 5 pr. ct	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	India Stock	India Bonds.	Ex. B. 3¼d. 3½d. per day.	St. Lotty Tickets.	Cons for ac. Aug. 28
Aug. 21	220	57 7/8 a 8 1/2	58 3/4	75 1/2	90 1/2	15 11/16	5 1/4 Pm.	57 3/8	—	—	62 1/4	—	—	9a10 *Dis.*	1 *Dis.* 5 *Pm*	£21. 15s.	58 5/8
22	—	58 1/4 a 1/2	58 3/4	75 1/2	90 1/2	15 7/8	5 1/4 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	7a5 *Dis.*	*Par* 5 *Pm.*	Ditto	58 1/2
24	—	58 3/4 a 1/2	58 7/8	75 5/8	90 5/8	—	5 1/2 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	6a7 *Dis*	1 *Dis.* 5 *Pm*		58 3/4
25	221	58 5/8 a 3/8	58 7/8	75 3/4	90 3/4	15 15/16	5 1/2 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	7a5 *Dis.*	*Par* 5 *Pm.*		58 5/8
26	—	58 1/4 a 1/2	58 7/8	75 3/4	90 5/8	15 13/16	5 3/8 *Pm.*	57 1/2	—	—	—	58 3/4	—	6a7 *Dis.*	*Par* 5 *Pm.*		—
27	221 3/4	58 3/8 a 5/8	59	75 3/4	90 3/4	15 3/4	5 5/8 *Pm.*	—	5 1/8	89 5/8	62 5/8	58 7/8	169	6a5 *Dis.*	*Par* 5 *Pm*		Oct. 9
28	222	58 1/2 a 7/8	59 3/8	76 1/8	90 3/4	15 13/16	6 1/8 *Pm.*	58 1/4	—	89 3/8	—	—	—	5a7 *Dis.*	1 *Pm.* 5 *Pm*		59 1/2
29	223	59a8 7/8	59 3/8	76 1/4	90 7/8	15 7/8	6 1/8 *Pm.*	—	—	89 3/4	—	—	169 1/2	5a6 *Dis.*	1 *Pm.* 5 *Pm*		59 3/8
31	—	59a 3/8	59 3/4	76 3/8	91 1/4	15 7/8	7 *Pm.*	—	—	—	63 1/2	59 5/8	—	6a7 *Dis.*	*Par* 5 *Pm.*		59 7/8
Sep. 1	—	59 3/8 a 7/8	60 3/8	76 3/4	91 1/2	15 15/16	8 *Pm.*	—	5 1/8	—	—	—	—	6a8 *Dis.*	*Par* 5 *Pm.*		60 1/2
2	—	59 5/8 a60	60 1/4	76 1/2	91 3/8	15 15/16	8 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	170	8a6 *Dis.*	*Par* 5 *Pm.*		60 3/8
3	226 1/2	60 1/4 a59 1/2	60 1/2	76 5/8	91 5/8	15 15/16	8 1/4 *Pm.*	59 1/4	—	—	64 1/4	—	—	6a8 *Dis.*	1 *Pm.* 5 *Pm*		60 1/2
4	—	59 7/8 a 1/2	60 1/8	76 1/2	91 3/8	15 15/16	7 3/4 *Pm.*	58 3/4	—	—	—	—	171	6a7 *Dis.*	1 *Pm.* 5 *Pm*		60 3/8
5	Shut	60 1/8 a59 5/8	Shut	Shut	91 1/2	15 7/8	8 1/4 *Pm.*	—	5 1/8	—	—	60 1/8	—	7a6 *Dis.*	1 *Pm* 5 *Pm*		60 1/2
7	—	60 7/8 a 1/4	61 3/8	—	92 1/8	Shut	9 *Pm.*	—	—	Shut	—	—	—	6a7 *Dis.*	1 *Pm.* 5 *Pm*		61
8	—	60 1/2 a59 7/8	Shut	—	92	—	8 1/2 *Pm*	—	5 1/16	—	64 1/4	—	—	7a5 *Dis*	1 *Pm.* 5 *Pm*		60 5/8
9	—	60a59 3/4	—	—	91 5/8	—	8 *Pm.*	58 3/4	5 1/8	—	—	59 3/4	172	6a4 *Dis.*	2 *Pm.* 5 *Pm*		60 3/8
10	—	60 1/8 a59 7/8	60 3/4	—	91 5/8	16	7 7/8 *Pm.*	—	5 1/8	—	—	Shut	—	5a4 *Dis.*	2 *Pm.* 6 *Pm*		60 3/8
11	—	59 7/8 a 5/8	60 1/2	—	91 3/8	Shut	7 5/8 *Pm.*	58 3/4	5 1/16	—	—	—	—	4a5 *Dis.*	2 *Pm* 6 *Pm*		60 1/8
12	—	59 7/8 a 5/8	—	—	91 1/4	—	7 3/8 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	4a5 *Dis*	2 *Pm* 5 *Pm*		60
14	—	59 3/4 a 3/8	60 1/4	—	90 7/8	—	7 1/4 *Pm.*	58 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	4a5 *Dis.*	2 *Pm.* 5 *Pm*		60
15	—	59 3/8 a 5/8	—	—	90 5/8	—	7 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	170	5a6 *Dis.*	1 *Pm* 5 *Pm*		60
16	—	59 3/4 a 1/2	—	—	90 3/4	—	7 1/4 *Pm.*	58 7/8	—	—	—	—	170 1/2	6a7 *Dis.*	*Par* 5 *Pm.*		60 1/8
17	—	59 5/8 a 7/8	60	—	90 5/8	—	6 7/8 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	7a6 *Dis.*	*Par* 5 *Pm.*		60
18	—	59 1/8 a 5/8	—	—	90 3/8	—	6 5/8 *Pm.*	58 1/8	—	—	—	—	—	7a8 *Dis.*	*Par* 5 *Pm.*		59 7/8
19	—	59 3/8 a 1/8	—	—	90 1/4	—	6 3/8 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	7a8 *Dis.*	*Par* 5 *Pm.*		59 3/4

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